

December OSMOPOLITAN

GENERAL LIBRARY,
UNIV. OF MICH.,
NOV 2 1908

15 Cents



ELECTED

The People decide for Clean Government

THE
SERVANT OF
ALL THE PEOPLE
ALL THE
TIME

E. MORGAN'S SONS
N.Y.
SAPOLIO

E. MORGAN'S SONS
N.Y.
SAPOLIO

E. MORGAN'S SONS
N.Y.
SAPOLIO

Four Bright Years of
SAPOLIO

CLEANS SCOURS POLISHES

If Reform Reformed

By Ambrose Bierce

LET us for a moment suppose this country's reformers to have achieved their amiable purpose—their purposes, rather, for these are as the leaves of the forest, and no two alike. We have, then, a country in which are no poverty, no contention, no tyranny nor oppression, no peril to life or limb, no disease—and so forth. How delightful! What a good and happy people! Alas, no! With poverty have vanished benevolence, providence, and the foresight which, born of the fear of individual want, stands guard at a thousand gates to defend the general good. The charitable impulse is dead in every breast, and gratitude, atrophied by disuse, has no longer a place among human sentiments and emotions. With no more fighting among ourselves we have lost the power of resentment and resistance: a car-load of Mexicans or a shipful of Japanese can invade our fool's paradise and enslave us, as the Spaniards overran Peru and the British subdued India. (Hailers of "the dawn of the new era" will, I trust, provide that it dawns everywhere at once or here last of all.) Having no oppression to resist and no perils to apprehend, we no longer need the courage to defy, nor the fortitude to endure. Heroism is a failing memory and magnanimity a dream of the past: for not only are the virtues known by contrast with the vices, they spring from the same seed, grow in the same soil, ripen in the same sunshine, and perish in the same frost. A fine race of mollicoddles we should be without our sins and sufferings! In a world without evils there would be one supreme evil—existence.

We need not fear any such condition. Progress is infected with the germs of reversion; on the grave of the civilization of to-day will squat the barbarian of to-morrow, "with a glory in his bosom" that will transfigure him the day after. The alternation is one that we can neither hasten nor retard, for our success baffles us. If, for example, we could abolish war, disease, and famine, the race would multiply to the point of "standing room only"—a condition prophesying war, disease, and famine. Wherefore the wisest prayer is this, "O Lord, make thy servant strong to fight and impotent to prevail."



Drawn by F. E. Schoonover

"GOD, GIVE HIM A SHOW!" HE MUTTERED AS HE WENT, THAT WAS ALL THE PRAYER HE COULD UTTER

("The Undying Spark," page 101)

COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE

Vol. XLVI

DECEMBER, 1908

No. 1



Fraudulent Art

THE PRACTICE OF PERPETRATING ART-FRAUDS IS GREAT IN AGE AND EXTENT. FAMOUS EXAMPLES OF BOGUS ART. HOW THE CAMERA HAS COME TO THE AID OF THE VICTIMS

By Gardner Teall



THE sun shines on little that is new; therefore when one of the most prominent art-collectors of America withdrew three canvases from the ninety he had given to found a national museum of American art, alleging that they were not the work of the artist to whom they had been attributed by the New York picture-dealer from whom he had purchased them, collectors and connoisseurs brought to mind the many instances of fraudulent art that have gone hand in hand with the masterpieces of painting and sculpture, engraving and the industrial arts since beautiful things first began to be prized by men. Indeed, the detection of art-frauds has become a science. Phædrus, who lived and wrote in the time of Tiberius Cæsar, tells, in his fiftieth fable, that contemporary sculptors imitating the Greek manner carved the name of Praxiteles on their marbles and the name of Myron on everything they wrought in silver in order that their productions might pass as masterpieces of those supreme Hellenic artists. Though the Romans were an art-loving people they openly connived at art-frauds, but for esthetic rea-

sons, as we learn from Pliny, who says that in his time the coins of Rome were so clumsily modeled and so basely cast that several artists made new molds, treating the designs of the mint more carefully, and produced spurious coins which were eagerly sought in place of the inartistic legal money.

Michelangelo, piqued at the extravagant attention paid the antique, to the exclusion of interest in his early struggles for recognition, conceived the clever idea of doing a Cupid in marble after his own designs, burying the work in mud for some months, and then digging it up in the presence of certain noble collectors, who went quite mad over its beauty, proclaiming it the greatest heritage antiquity had sent to them. Michelangelo finally disclosed to them his initials, which he had carved in a hidden fold of the wings, and was highly amused at the discomfiture of his companions, who, however, had the good grace to come to their senses and to recognize his towering genius. Indeed, one of them became his foremost patron.

This was a harmless trick conceived for salutary purposes, and not at all to be classed with the exploits of Gambello, Bassiano, or Giovanni del Cavinis, whose forgeries of

Fraudulent Art

Roman medallie art confuse the custodians of many modern museums, whose collections they clutter up.

No wonder one of the ancient writers declared that "the very nerves and sinews of knowledge consist in believing nothing rashly." This was especially true in the days of the Renaissance, when a study of the antique came so quickly into fashion, and in the train of it such efforts to collect ancient objects of art that skilful artists and artisans of the time could scarcely refrain from the temptations held out by the ease with which clever art-forgeries were palmed off upon the gullible, who paid enormous prices for them. A particular instance of this is found in the remarkable imitations of antique engraved gems that everywhere appeared. Also the names of famous Greek engravers of antiquity were added to many otherwise genuine intagli by unscrupulous profit-seekers, and every cabinet was soon flooded either with spurious antiques or with real antiques containing forged engraved signatures. Andreini of Florence fostered the nefarious practice, Flavio Sireletti lending his skill to it. Pliny's record of ancient sculptors was an aid to preparing these deceptions. Very often counterfeit gems were not even of agate or carnelian, but were of paste or molded glass, backed up with pieces of real stone adhering by invisible glue and arranged to

prevent detection by the usual test of scratching with a sharp steel point. These gems were dulled by rubbing them with emery powder to give the effect of an antique surface, or, more ingeniously still, were forced

down the gullets of hapless turkeys to mix with the gastric juices and become dulled by contact with the gritty particles of the gizzard. Such gems were exact counterparts of the antique originals.

Apropos of the subject of bogus engraved gems, the most noted collection of them ever foisted upon unsuspecting art-collectors was included in the famous, or infamous, Poniatowski collection, which contained some three thousand fake antiques made by such skilled Roman artists as Cades

and Ginganelli of the early nineteenth century for Prince Poniatowski, nephew of the last king of Poland, all the inscriptions on which were engraved by the cunning hand of Signore Odelli. Exposure finally overtook the whole business, and the collection resolved

itself into scattered warnings to the wise. The finest gem in this collection was the "Psyche," which is now exhibited at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

As all of these gems were very beautiful in themselves, and nearly all of their subjects original with their authors, it is unfortunate that such excellent work could not have stood on its own merit, but fashion and taste thus often



By courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

THE FAMOUS "PSYCHE" GEM FROM THE NOTORIOUS PONIATOWSKI COLLECTION
An amethyst of great size, beautiful color, and excellence of design and execution



CLEVER COUNTERFEIT OF AN EARLY ITALIAN SEAL



FORGED REMBRANDT ETCHING OF INDIFFERENT QUALITY

The above is one of the famous beggar series of which many of the plates are still extant.

Quantities of worthless impressions have been taken from them, and with forged signatures have been passed upon the unwary.

tempt men to parade many a virtue as a sin.

Early in the sixteenth century Albrecht Dürer, the celebrated German engraver, was forced to complain to the Venetian Senate, when on a visit to Italy, that Marcantonio, an engraver of note in Venice, was issuing spurious copies of his engravings, with his well-known device forged upon them. The Venetians courteously and sensibly prohibited any further enterprise of the sort, and Dürer went on his way pacified though not thoroughly satisfied.

Rembrandt has had less good fortune. Thousands of spurious copies of his famous etchings have found their way into every

country. As many of the plates for his series of beggars are extant quantities of worthless impressions have been taken from them and passed upon the unwary.

Some counterfeiting is too laborious for profit, but it is marvelous to see some of the things that emanated in the early days from the shameless fake-factories of Pietro Fondi and others, at Venice and at Corfu. One of the best of the art-forgeries is a medal in the possession of the writer, the original of which is in the Museo Nazionale at Florence, where its obscure position leaves it little known.

The Sieneese have long been careful copyists of various trecento, quattrocento, and cinque-cento objects of art. Some years ago

a collector paid something like six thousand dollars for certain original manuscripts in what were supposed to be early Italian gesso bindings. Later on this collector saw the originals preserved in the archives at Siena, and traced the maker of those which the unscrupulous dealer in Paris had sold to him. The maker was innocent of any intention to cheat, as he had been making and openly selling copies of the originals as copies, and it was no fault of his that a foreign dealer had taken advantage of the credulity of the collector, who happened not to be a connoisseur, by placing bona-fide manuscripts in them and passing them off as originals. There is a fine collection of these gesso covers, copied from the originals, in the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Every traveler in Italy is struck with the baffling bogus antiques which are made in Rome, buried in the marshes until they acquire a patina, which may be described as the "rust of ages," then dug up and "salted" among the peasantry. The two favorite Italian industries in fraudulent art have been those of terra-cotta figurines and of Greek and Etruscan vases. No one will ever know how many fierce quarrels and explosions of authoritative tempers such fabrications, especially those that flooded the market in 1889, have occasioned. One day the Louvre will have on exhibition objects of the sort, labeled carefully, only to relegate

them to the lumber-room the next when some authority who suspects that they were made by Raimondi at Naples a few years ago instead of by Douris at Athens some thousand prevails with his opinion, to be superseded in turn by still another authority,

who restores them.

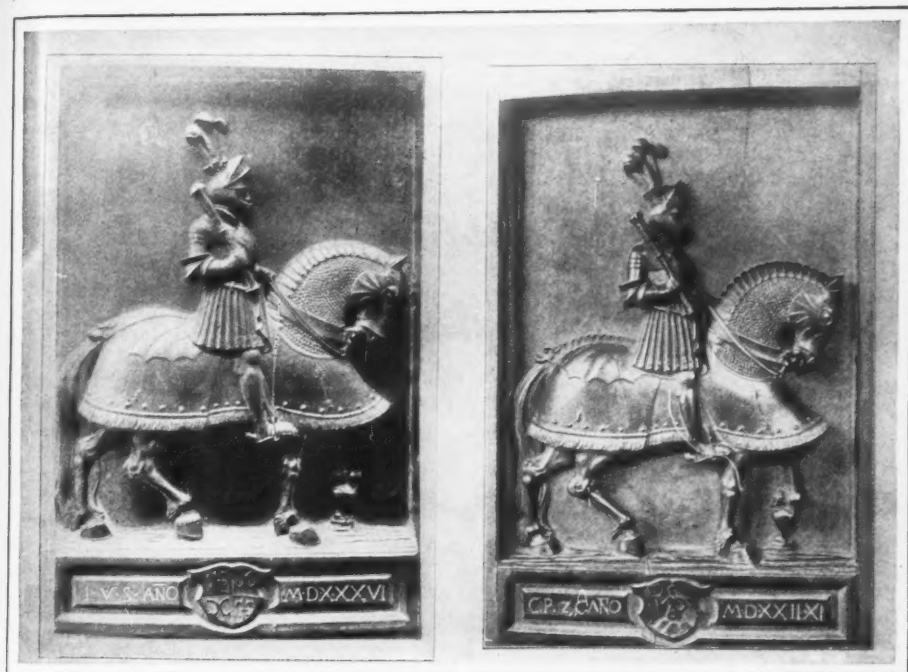
An instance of the sort has been met with at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, where, in the régime of the late director, certain terra-cotta figurines were exhibited as bogus examples, but which opprobrium the present authorities refuse to cast upon them, explaining that they await further expert testimony. The Metropolitan Museum has followed the example of the museum at Athens and will show side by side with authenticated art-objects examples of clever forgeries and counterfeits for comparison.

Museums seem especially to be the hotbeds of controversies over the authenticity of works of art. When the Germans discovered that the collection of Moabite pottery in the Berlin Museum, a collection for which a big sum had been paid, was the worthless product of a modern kiln, the French, especially M. Clermont-Ganneau, who had helped to expose the fraud,

waxed gleeful; but they were derided in turn by the Germans, who found that the directors of the Louvre had been the dupes—to the extent of some thousands of dollars—of Italian cleverness in the shape of a



BOGUS TANAGRA TERRA-COTTA FIGURINE,
REJECTED BY THE DIRECTOR OF
THE LOUVRE, PARIS



A FRAUD IN WOOD-CARVING

A clever art-forged, by merely changing dates and subjects on these carvings, obtained fabulous sums for them from two princely German families by representing them as long-lost heirlooms

bust of Beniveni, which was given an exalted position beside the "Slaves" of Michelangelo. This turned out to be the work of a poor peasant artist of extraordinary ability, Giovanni Bastiani, of whose talents a Florentine antiquary, Giovanni Freppa, availed himself at the rate of two dollars and a half a week. Doctor Foresi discovered that this bust was none other than a faithful portrait, treated in quattrocento style, of Giuseppe Boniuti, a worker in a tobacco-factory, who was thus immortalized by one of the greatest art-scandals of any time.

The South Kensington Museum also had a taste of the "bitter pill of deception" in Bastiani's busts of Savonarola, Dante, and Lucretia Dona, wonderfully beautiful works of art and able to stand firmly on their own merits had they been untainted with the stigma of fraudulent conception. Dupré declared these busts equal to Michelangelo for force, and to Della Robbia for delicacy of handling. Lord Leighton not only admired them

immensely, but took the trouble to make beautiful drawings from them.

This same Giovanni Freppa perpetrated notorious frauds in the way of specimens of majolica ware, mainly plates. A certain chemist of Pesaro aided him in imitating the old lusters of Gubbio. Indeed, so cleverly were these forgeries fabricated that some of the keenest connoisseurs were easily fooled by them. As a matter of fact, the writer has examined several specimens, doubtless from the same ingenious source, that repose in European collections still accredited to early Italian manufacture.

Pottery and porcelain have always seemed to tempt art-forgers and imitators from the straight paths of honest originality. Even Bernard Palissy, that early pioneer in the history of French faience, imitated the wares of Briot, and in turn imitations of these imitations were once acquired by the South Kensington Museum. Palissy's own ware has been imitated in our day by Lesnes, Barbizet, and, best of all, by M. Pall. Apropos of



TERRA-COTTA BUST OF LUCRETIA DONA,
BY BASTIANI

Pronounced by the authorities of the Victoria and Albert (South Kensington) Museum, London, an authentic work of the Italian Renaissance

Palissy, the *saucière* here reproduced is one whose authenticity has been strongly questioned, which goes to show how difficult a matter it is, at times, to determine the genuineness of an object of the sort.

Probably the London dealer Jarman was the prince of fakers. He obtained undecorated Sèvres from France and had a Quaker potter from Staffordshire, one Randall by name, add all sorts of delightful scenes, which led to their purchase by members of the royal family. This reminds one of an elaborate *déjeuner* service of Sèvres, which a Parisian antiquary had obtained white, and which he had decorated with portraits of Louis XIV and ladies of the court. This service the antiquary offered to Louis XVIII as having belonged to his grandfather, but upon careful investigation the fraud crept out.

The fabrication of bogus Chinese porcelains is another favorite industry, known to Albrecht de Keizer in 1661, as specimens extant attest, but practised in China as well at a still earlier time, as shown by an anecdote of Tcheou-tan-tsiouen, an early Chinese artist, who, journeying through the province of Pi-ling, paid a visit to Thang, the President of the Sacrifices. The most precious adornment of this worthy's cabinet was a priceless

porcelain tripod. Of this Tcheou took an exact measurement with his hand, and with a bit of fibrous paper obtained an impression by squeezing on the veins of the object. Six months later he returned to Thang and brought with him an exact duplicate of Thang's porcelain tripod, which these slight aids and his marvelous memory for details enabled him to make with such accuracy that Thang could not detect a hair's difference between the original and Tcheou's copy.

This trick recalls that of the celebrated English antiquary Stevens, who, in 1789, sent to the exhibition of the Society of Antiquaries an inscribed stone purporting to have commemorated a victory by King Hardicanute, and to have been found in Kensington Lane. After permitting Gough, his rival associate, to wax enthusiastic over it, and to write a monograph on it, Stevens disclosed the fact that it had been made to his order by a local stone-cutter. Naturally the affair did not reconcile the two.

Forgers of art-objects have even turned their attention to enamels and ivories. A forger of Limoges enamels, who succeeded in passing his pseudo-works upon Baron Rothschild, was detected and fined one thousand francs for his fraud. Likewise a maker of bogus antique ivories in Liège was brought to justice by the discovery of Sir A. W. Franks that the ivory *Diptychion Leodiense* he was attempting to sell in England for



BUST OF SAVONAROLA, BY BASTIANI

Also accepted as a work of the Italian Renaissance

eight hundred pounds was nothing more than a modern fabrication copied from two thoroughly well-known panels, the one in London and the other in Berlin. M. Didron, the French savant, leads the doubting Thomases of the art-world in his wholesale demolition of attributions to early periods placed upon ivories in the Cluny, Berlin, and other museums.

Some time ago the writer disclosed a fraud in supposed old Delft by subjecting the pieces to a hot-water bath, which caused the pattern to vanish. These pieces he had found in a china-mender's shop, where a busy trade in "restorations" was carried on. These china-menders and restorers have become so clever that they seem able not only to supply the missing parts but the missing whole as well, which reminds one of a sign conspicuously displayed on a New York shop-front, "Antiques to Order Only."

Perhaps Sir Caspar Purdon

Clarke, whose administrations of museums have passed so successfully and safely through the shoals of art-disputes, had in mind the twenty-seven thousand art-forgeries successfully passed upon the credulity of M. Michel Chosles when he declared that this number represented the number of paintings attributed to Corot which were entered upon the books of the New York custom-house. Long before these days of the complaints of William

T. Evans, Alexander C. Humphreys, Francis Wilson, and others, that forged works of art have been sold to them, the forgers of paintings held high jinks with the purse-strings of unfortunate collectors. The world has always been full of poor copyists of good paintings, who have not chosen instead to become

excellent imitators of the great universal truth of things, as Sir Joshua Reynolds once pointed out to his pupils. Nevertheless, even he did not hesitate to father works painted by pupils and others under his direction. The "Tragic Muse" at Dulwich is possibly such an example, and in a letter to Cynham he proposed replacing some paintings by Rubens with copies by his own pupils, whom he should instruct in the fraudulent art of making the copies look old enough to deceive even the shrewdest connoisseur.

Rubens left more than a thousand undisputed works, and it is interesting to note how nearly he came to add-

ing one to the whole number. It seems that when the British ambassador to The Hague, Sir Dudley Carleton, returned to him, as not being truly by his hand, a "Lion Hunt" the Prince of Wales, afterward Charles I, had ordered from him, Rubens wrote as follows:

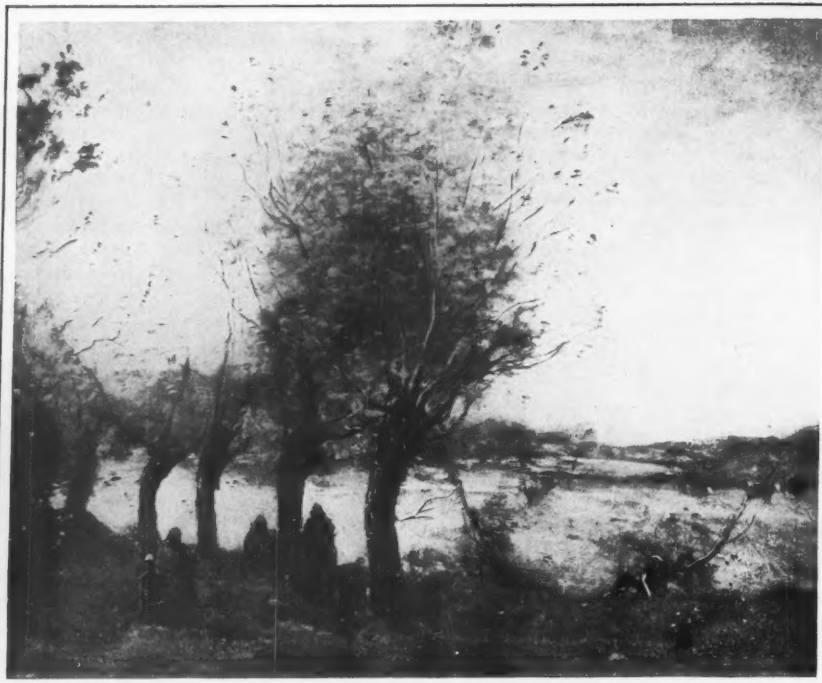
ANTWERP, January 18, 1634

SIR: The picture that I have painted for my Lord Ambassador Carleton is quite ready and securely packed. . . . If the picture had been



From the F. Pierpont Morgan Collection

SAUCIÈRE ASCRIBED TO BERNARD PALISSY, THE AUTHENTICITY OF WHICH HAS BEEN QUESTIONED



"LANDSCAPE WITH FIGURES," BY COROT, IN THE LOUVRE, PARIS

painted only with my own hand it would be worth twice as much. It has not been gone over lightly by me, but touched and retouched everywhere alike by my own hand.

Shortly afterward Sir Tobie Matthew wrote Sir Dudley: "The original was a rare thing and sold to ye Duke of Bavaria for a hundred pound sterling. . . . Rubens confesses in confidence y^t this is not all his owne doing."

As another royal misadventure in the art-world may be cited the instance of the present Prince of Wales, who bought in Paris a Corot which he presented to the Dublin Gallery of Modern Art, but which was shortly withdrawn when the discovery was made that it was nothing more than a poor copy by Mesgoly of an original in the Budapest Museum.

One of the most interesting anecdotes of fraudulent paintings is related by Virtue in an unpublished MS. in the British Museum. Two Italian painters, Ricci and Cassini, living in London could find no patrons for their art, excellent though it was, for all the

collectors of their time were interested only in the works of the early masters. Therefore they decided to open the eyes of some of the noble connoisseurs, and Cassini set about to paint a Nativity in the manner of the early masters, which was brought to the attention of the Duke of Portland (then Lord Burlington) by Ricci. In answer to Lord Burlington's queries Ricci replied, "*O signore, se è vera originali, credo, credo.*" With that this patron of the arts paid three hundred guineas down and had the canvas carried home to his gallery, where it was given a place of honor. Shortly after, Ricci and Cassini caused the affair to be made public, disclaiming any fraud, since the picture was truly an original conception with Cassini in design and detail, this artist then declaring that collectors should leave their worship of the dead masters and patronize the work of the living. It is needless to say there was some difference of opinion, and one wonders just why Virtue closes his account with the ominous information that "Cassini dyed soon after."

It is these early examples of misdirected



A CLUMSY FORGERY OF COROT'S "LANDSCAPE WITH FIGURES"

artistic energy that so puzzle experts now and then. Few modern dealers have the courage to make such an announcement as the following guarantee, which accompanies every work of art offered for sale by a well-known dealer in New York:

The genuineness of this painting is guaranteed; that it is original, not a copy; that it was painted in the epoch in which it is placed, and that it is characteristic, and worthy of the artist to whom it is attributed. Should this be disputed by competent expert authority the painting is returnable to us within one year from date of sale at the price paid plus interest at the rate of five per cent. per annum.

But even Sir John Evans, K.C.B., once confessed, "Some, like myself, not only purchased forgeries but have published accounts of them as if they had been genuine antiquities—accounts which any amount of subsequent withdrawal fails to annihilate."

There is no question but that every country is flooded with bogus paintings attributed to Corot, Courbet, Rousseau, Daubigny, Turner, Constable, and dozens of others

of every school and age. Daubigny painted but seven hundred canvases, yet some three thousand in various museums are attributed to him. In 1890 a veritable Courbet factory was exposed in the Quartier du Marais, Paris. In connection with this a story is told of Courbet's sister, who once traveled to Brussels, on the announced dispersal by auction of the collection of a noted Flemish connoisseur, for the purpose of bidding in an advertised portrait of herself by her famous brother. When she arrived where the canvases were exhibited she was amazed to find the painting a daring forgery, but so skilfully imitating Courbet's manner that even an expert might easily have been fooled.

The French museums are full of poverty-threatened artists forced to depend on copying the lesser-known works of modern masters to the order of dealers who do not hesitate to dispose of them as originals. But since 1903 a quietus has been placed upon that sort of thing, for M. Boncard, a Parisian magistrate, has made his term of office a reign

of terror for forgers by confiscating and destroying their works and imposing fines. It is to be regretted that the American and English laws do not give the collector equal protection. Jesson, a Frenchman, tried to escape the penalties attached to fraudulent art-practices by declaring that his fabrications were not copies but actually original works, done, however, in close imitation of Corot's manner and signed with his name, though not with an exact counterfeit of his signature. Very sensibly the French court maintained that there had been an attempt to defraud, and promptly ordered the whole batch of fake Corots to be consigned to the fiery furnace.

Perhaps America is suspected of harboring more forgeries of French art than she really is giving shelter to. This opinion arises from the fact that in early days her collectors not only appreciated but eagerly bought hundreds of examples of the French school at a time when Millet, Manet, Meissonier, Corot, Diaz, and the others were neither encouraged nor

recognized at home. Thus countless masterpieces entered American galleries, which to-day have more authentic examples of these

masters than can be found within the boundaries of the fair land of France.

Who does not know of the favorite "hurry-up" tricks of questionably reliable dealers with rich patrons: "We have obtained permission from the owner of this masterpiece to offer you an option on it for forty-eight hours. Therefore you should come on personally to inspect it or telegraph. We consider it an unparalleled opportunity" (to be duped). The phrase in parentheses is my own.

After Sidney Cooper discovered only eleven genuine canvases out of one hundred and fifty-three attributed to John Linnell, Linnell thought it high time to offer a reward of one hundred pounds sterling for information leading to the discovery of his imitators.

Constable has been the most imitated of the English artists, and his son declared that for every genuine painting by his father



COUNTERFEITS OF EARLY BAVARIAN WOODEN PLATTERS
The original of the upper one is in the Germanic Museum, Nuremberg, and that of the lower in the National Museum, Munich



By courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

"A LOCK ON THE STOUR," ATTRIBUTED TO CONSTABLE

This painting was presented to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, by the late Henry G. Marquand. Its authenticity has only recently been questioned. A faint hope exists that it may be a replica of a genuine Constable in an English collection, but the evidence is against this theory. Constable has been the most imitated of the English artists.

offered for sale six sham ones were on the market. Four especially fine forgeries of the sort attracted great attention and admiration at Foster's, in Pall Mall, some twenty-three years ago, but a heartless gentleman attacked the fat lumps of paint with a pin, and lo! fresh pigment oozed out, and another fraud found its funeral.

As an instance of the traffic in Constables it is probably safe to point out a canvas which is hung in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, and which was purchased by the late Henry G. Marquand as an original Con-

stable, appearing in the catalogue of the museum under the title of "A Lock on the Stour." This picture was a gift from Mr. Marquand to the museum in 1888, and not until recently was a question mark officially placed after the attribution. Even now, here and there, a few faint hopes exist that it may be a replica, but an inspection of the painting when viewed from below, directly beneath its frame, would seem to discourage any theory that it is from Constable's hand. The surface of the picture is, with the exception of one or two spots, as dully smooth as though

the paint had been put on thick and planed off. When the intricacies of technique come to be studied more carefully there will be fewer impositions possible. However, this "A Lock on the Stour" is a very beautiful work, and of enough merit to awaken a difference of opinion. Beyond doubt, the original of this subject by Constable is in a private English collection, and the writer is under the impression that he recalls the inclusion therein of the figure of a dog beside that of the man who is opening the lock. In the Metropolitan Museum picture this is omitted.

And so the thing goes merrily on, but recently photography has stretched forward a helping hand, and by means of enlarged photographic prints of a subject the minute comparisons between known and attributed works of the period may be studied, as in the case of a painting of a girl's head withdrawn from the New Gallery exhibition of the works of Burne-Jones in London some years ago, after expert suspicion had been confirmed by the camera.

It was Juvenal who coined the phrase "*rara avis*," and the impatient collector who would acquire a rare bird of art as it flies

toward him from the horizon of opportunity must be sure he knows something of ornithology before he rushes recklessly forth to put the salt of good money upon its tail. Perhaps the art-expert is the least maligned of those who devote their lives to the profession of giving opinions, for there is a sure test for every art-fraud, although, it must be admitted, the recipe often leaves a bad taste in the patient's mouth. This suggests the story of a certain French collector who purchased an extraordinary statuette in wood which was supposed to have come from Amboise, where for centuries, so the collector believed, it had rested, acquiring all the attributes of apparent age and genuineness. Alas! the Frenchman's doubts were aroused by an authority on early wood-carvings, who happened down from Paris, and he consented to a test for genuineness which the other suggested. In the course of this test the statuette was hopelessly damaged. "Ah," moaned the owner, "why did I let you touch it!" "Ingrate!" retorted the expert. "Have you not now the satisfaction of knowing my fears to be groundless? Look at the pieces. Without a doubt the statuette was genuine!"



BOGUS EXAMPLE OF SIENESE GESSO WORK, EXQUISITELY
WROUGHT IN IMITATION OF ONE IN THE
POSSESSION OF THE WRITER



Mañana

A STORY OF A SEEKING AND A FINDING

By George Allan England

Illustrated by Frank Tenney Johnson

I



"ARAGUAO," remarked the doctor, rolling another cigarette and thrusting it between his grayly bristling lips, "Araguao is just what Sherman said war is. Precisely. I know because I was there; because I subverted Araguao's law and order one dark night—maybe a shade darker than it is now—and never got caught at it, either. That's the best part of monkeying with South America, the not getting caught. Mud walls are so distressingly common down that way, and a fellow in white pajamas standing up blindfolded against one of 'em makes such a boss target for a file of *rurales*, eh?"

A match rrrrasped in the midsummer gloom; it flared across the doctor's snuff-colored, deep-lined face, upstanding jungle of grizzled hair, and thick corded neck. Then, *puff!* and the flame vanished, leaving a green blotch on my retina. Presently

only the cigarette-tip was there to burn a hole in the darkness.

"Araguao, yes; right on the edge of the Caribbean. Folks are death on Yellow Jack down there, and they used to be double death on anybody mixed up with spreading it around. That was before they'd got wise to the *Stegomyia* theory and still thought the fever was man-to-man contagious. I thought so too, then; so I can't blame 'em much for their mud-wall prescription in every case of tampering with quarantine. Eleven years ago it was. Lots of things happen in eleven years; lots of bitterness fades out. Everything gets impersonal if you wait long enough; that's how I'm telling you this.

"Yes, I know what you're going to ask. It wasn't the *Wanderlust*, anyway, nor mines, nor yet plantations I was after. It was something bigger than those that roweled me up and down the fever-nipped coast, through Venezuela and down into Brazil, then back across the Orinoco delta to Araguao; something that clawed the soul plumb out of me those hot sleepless nights in the forest with my peon swaddled and snor-



"THEN HE RECOGNIZED ME; HIS FEATURES TWISTED, AND HE LAUGHED"

ing in his poncho at my side, while our tethered burros crunched the sword-grass and the vampire-bats reeled across the glowing Milky Way or flicked out the stars of the Southern Cross with their leprous wings; something that clogged my brain with blood and my heart with ashes, that crooked my fingers into claws, tense for the Finding—whenever it should come; something that smeared sleep away from me as if I'd been a slate with a word written on it and this same something a wet sponge. I wanted sleep, man, *sleep!* D'you know what *that* means? Wanted it so bad that hang me if I'd have shied off much from the Big Sleep. But until my nails had grappled just the right windpipe there was nothing doing in the sleep line for me, and I knew it. Sixteen, twenty hours in the saddle at a stretch, too, till every last fiber groaned, and then get maybe half an hour's nightmare, wake up sweating or gibbering with the heart near bursting out of me, screech, and grab the throat, and find it only a liana after all, or a grape-vine. Nice, eh?"

An arc of fire traced the doctor's half-smoked cigarette as he pitched it over the veranda-rail. I shifted slightly in my wicker chair, but held my peace. After a little while the doctor coughed, and in a different tone went on:

"Rather banal it was, too, now that I look at it with eleven years' perspective. I won't bore you with it. Other wives than the one that was mine have been baited and trolled away by other slick rascals. It wasn't that, so much; it was the kid they took with 'em that put the spurs to my pursuit. That kid of mine, y' know—well, he used to cuddle down on my wishbone and drowse off to sleep with hand-pats and 'daddas,' and get his fingers tangled in my beard; then somehow his little paw would slide round my neck, and all that—well—somehow—"

"Here, try one of these," said I, handing over my cigar-case.

II

"It's desolate, mighty desolate, down there in Araguaa," said the doctor presently. "It's hazy, flat, and humid; a land of hot, strong winds with brassy sunlight flickering through 'em. The coast's a reek of fever, but the sea stretches out in a blend of unearthly phantom blues and opals.

Niggers and centipedes bask all day, flying-fish skitter across the harbor, mangroves rot before they ripen—everything's rotten ripe down there, lazy, sticky, looming with color, rich with death. But sometimes the ocean-breeze over Barima Island rustles the nut-palms, and the town sighs in its sleep. The sleepy look of it attracted me; I camped down there for a spell to rest up and get my bearings. Roberts took me in—American consul, one of a rare breed with a heart as open as his front door, a big soul, a broad hand that *was* a hand. He stood sponsor for me, helped me get acquainted and all that, so before very long I knew pretty much everybody worth knowing, from the alcalde down to Christophe Mirebalais, a big buck Martinique nigger who tended bar at the posada.

"Rather chummy the alcalde and I got. His name was Don Luis de Santa Maria and a lot more—enough for a whole family. He was a boss bug with frills on, the don was; governor of the district and a man of parts. Lived in a square white-walled palace affair with grated windows, balconies, and a patio full of exotics. His wife was an exotic, too; pure Castilian and so blue-blooded that I don't believe she had more than half a dozen red corpuscles all told. She looked blue, anyway, under her sallow skin, and no wonder, what with Don Luis hitting the B & S hour by hour till his pudgy hand wobble-wobbled and his eyes bleared rheumy. The *doña* always snubbed me a trifle, and I've half an idea even the don's cordiality was born of a desire to polish up his English on me; but no matter, the *palacio* was a first-rate hailing-port for an hour's brown-paper cigarettes and alcohol, cribbage, and general conversation.

"Twice a week or so I put in an evening with the old boy, and then perhaps next day you'd find me around the water-front watching the mestizos lighter a tramp's cargo; or at the posada betting on a cock-main; or rubbing elbows with a garlicky crowd at the little theater; or it might be swinging in barkeep Christophe's hammock under his thatched hovel, absorbing sugar-cane beer and stray waifs of voodoo legend, along with tales of the French massacre in the old days of the Martinique liberation. Mixed company, eh? You just bet it was mixed! But it suited me no end better than the top-layer kind. It gave me more sleep; and then, too, how did I know what minute I

might run across a word, a clue like Jason's silk thread in the labyrinth, to guide me toward—toward—well, what I was looking for?

"One day after I'd been in Araguao a couple of weeks and was getting about ready to peg on again, insomnia and all, I was lounging on the upper veranda of the port physician's house (Serenio del Pilar his name was) when a little Brazilian hooker beat up into the bay and hove to. The veranda overlooked the bay, perhaps half a mile distant; sipping our anisette we had a clean sweep across the oily lavender and purple waters to the horizon. Well, this wind-jammer slipped into the bay, as I've said, threw out her mud-hook, and lay to.

"*Que hay?*" said the señor quarantine physician, squinting out to sea. His suspicions waked up like a weasel—you never saw such a fire-eater on the subject of Yellow Jack. He'd sweated through two sieges of epidemic already and never wanted to see another. "*Que hay?*"

"You can shoot me for a toad if something red and tiny didn't flap slowly to the schooner's foremast as though in answer to his question. When the señor saw it his neck craned like a turtle's—he went yellow under his tan. I knew well enough what was up, but all I said was, 'Will she land?'"

"*Land?* Over this—when it is one corpse!" He slapped his thin little chest with a thinner hand.

"Precisely," said I. The idea of a Brazilian schooner warping up to the docks and unloading cargo over the delicately chocolate-tinted carcass of the señor struck me as rather good. "Precisely. But suppose they want supplies, or medicines, or a doctor, eh? There's human life out there needs saving."

"*Quien sabe?* They should have remained at home!"

"Maybe; but they're here now. So you're confronted with a fact, not a theory. What d'you expect to do with the fact?"

"The señor spread his palms upward. '*Fuera* with the ship!' said he.

"But," I protested, "the *alcalde*, what will he say?"

"I have full authority in matters of the public health. This plague-ship must sail within twenty-four hours. Nobody can land!"

"Nice Christian sentiments!" thought I, but my silence was of the tomb tomb. And

so together we watched the suppliant vessel with its blood-red call for help fluttering at the masthead. Then, as we squinted through the heat-dazzle, a tiny boat was put down from the schooner, a dot of a man slid spider-like into it and started presently to scull in with the flood-tide toward the docks.

"Up jumped the señor, and '*Venga! Come!*' cried he with some bad language. He ducked into the house; I followed. Already he was down the shaky stairs. I ran a close second and caught up with him at the street-corner. Together we hit the pace down through the slits of alleys, jostling peons, dodging curs and buzzards, upsetting babies, scandalizing the somnolent Araguaians.

"We reached the water-front in a few minutes, trickling sweat, pretty well blown. The water-front was not at all a nice place. It was crooked, and to have called it nasty would have been euphemistic. Ragged thatched kennels and square 'dobe warehouses edged it like a file of broken teeth. Mestizos, niggers, dogs, and swine took their ease whereso they listed. To the left stretched a crumbling apology of sea-wall topped with palms; on the other hand pools of stagnation were bubbling in the tropic sun, and over everything coiled the exhalations of the Imataca River, which here debouched with pestilent brown viscosity into the sluggish bay.

"As we pattered down into this little Eden the bunch of people that had clotted along the string-piece of the government pier gave way for us, and we saw that the boatman was just making in past the jetty, perhaps two hundred yards from shore. The señor shouted at him, bawled and screeched at him, waved forbidding hands.

"*Fuera!* Away with you!" he vociferated. "You can't land here!"

"The boatman, a wizened man with skinny neck and bird-claw hands, stopped sculling. '*Por Dios*, señor!' he cried. His voice was wizened like himself; a hard-dried raisin gives you the idea. 'My passenger is an Americano!'"

"Away with you!"

"I have no fever! I am well! I seek aid only for my passenger. They turned us out at Cocali, at Barima, at Pomaron. Now we must have help, medicine, food! Send us a boat at least, *por Dios!*'"

"Away!"

"I burst out then, 'See here, this

isn't——' but the señor cursed again and bade me hold my tongue. The look he gave me was two-edged, and you could have shaved with either. Oaths and cries were exploding here and there in the crowd; some of the beggars even began fetching out their dirks, and ink-black scowls came my way. Goose-flesh puckered out all over me at the thought of how gritty a blade might feel between my dorsal ribs. I shut up.

"Off with you!" shouted the Demos-thenean señor by the shore again, waving our suppliant away with the curious back-handed gesture of the Spaniard. 'Sail along! You can anchor here this night if you will, but stay no longer than *mañana*. If you try to land or hold any traffic with our people, up you go at the yard-arm! *Comprende?*'

"I understand." He spoke a half-Portuguese patter, hard to get. 'God also understands; he will remember. In his name I lay seven curses on you all, and again seven. The curse of the dead kills the soul.'

"At the familiar proverb hurled upon them by that gaunt apparition, dumb silence fell upon the motley gang; some crossed themselves sneakingly. The wizened one gave them no further heed, but seized his oar again and took up his weary task of sculling back to the plague-ship.

III

"I STOOD there on the pier feeling like a great big man, a great big cipher, you bet! An American out there in that floating hell, dying, very likely—dying like a beast at the mercy of filth, ignorance, and superstition—dying in torment, with me, a doctor and a fellow countryman, not half a mile away—h'm, *you* get the situation. I stayed right there in a stupor watching the boatman till he hauled alongside and went aboard hand over hand. Then I came to with a start. The amiable señor was gone.

"Presently I straggled back up into the town, and the way my brain was zip-zip-zipping was just a terror. First, I thought I'd lug the whole case right to Roberts; then I quashed the idea. Next, I decided on asking the alcalde; but reflection showed me, that was a two-spot plan, so I discarded. I walked and I sweat and I thought; I flattened out for a while on one of the little green iron benches in the plaza, but the

diluted mud of the Colombo fountain had no message for me, so I moved on, thinking, thinking, thinking, till I could feel the very works of me get a hot box and squeak and jam stock-still. Then, curious thing, at last the idea came, *pop!* Odd how ideas hatch; ever notice it? They ripen in the subjective till they get strong enough to burst the shell; then out they jump into the objective, where we can grab 'em. Precisely. I felt this one jump—sensed the nerve-explosion of it, hang me if I didn't!

"Next minute I was legging it for the posada. The man I wanted to see was my Martinique buck barkeep—wanted him bad. The bar was empty when I got there; that is, there were only two or three peons in it. I didn't mind them, for they knew nothing but Spanish, while Christophe could talk French, the Martinique patois, of course. Ever hear any? It would knock a purist cold with horror; but for practical purposes like lawbreaking, treason, and possibly sudden death I felt that it would do very well indeed.

"I greeted Christophe—he was black as the inside of a stovepipe and whipcorded with muscle—and ordered a nip of something, I've forgotten what. 'Have one with me?' I asked, leaning across the zinc-covered bar. 'Anything you like, and as much as you like.'

"*Merci, maite,*' he thanked me, and poured a big water-glass full of white brandy, which he gulped neat. 'Ah-h-h,' he smacked, drawing the back of his hand across his big lips, 'ah-h-h, but that is good *l'essence brisé-l'enfer.*'

"I allowed that the 'essence-break-hell' was good, and bade him help himself again at my expense.

"The heat to-day, it is terrible,' said I, to set the ball rolling.

"*Ouill, maite,*' he assented.

"Must be deadly out in the bay, especially if one is sick, eh?"

"He nodded gravely.

"Try another glass?"

"When he had drunk and smacked and wiped his mouth again, 'They tell me you're an immune,' said I. 'Is that so?'

"*Ouill, maite.*"

"That means, of course, that no matter how much you're exposed to Yellow Jack you'll never take it?"

"Never!"

"Good! Now then see here, Christophe,

have you got any use for a little money, say ten or fifteen bolivars?"

"His eyes widened till the muddy whites showed all round. '*Certainement*,' he stammered.

"All right, listen," I commanded. "There's a fellow countryman of mine sick of the plague out there on a schooner in the bay. You've heard?"

"Again he nodded, fingering his empty glass.

"And this sick man has neither care nor medicine; he can't land, he's got to leave port *mañana*. Understand?"

"Well?"

"I'm a doctor, an American. I've just got to visit that case. You must help me, this very night. It's fifteen bolivars for you."

"Christophe's face fell, but still his eyes were eager. At last, 'No, no,' said he. '*Chongé, chongé bien!* [Think well!] They might catch us, and then—*adié*.' He crooked his trigger-finger.

"Twenty bolivars!"

"*Bon Dié*, the risk! *Ca ka poté malhé!* [It brings disaster!]

"But if I get permission from the *alcalde*?"

"Impossible!" he answered simply.

"But if I do—thirty bolivars! For thirty will you risk getting caught and—and dealt with by the people themselves?"

"He hesitated; I could feel his mental machinery creak. His shiny face crinkled, and he clawed distrustfully at his wool.

"Thirty-five!"

"*Ouill, maîle*," said he at last. "But only with permission."

"Agreed! Meet me at half-past twelve to-night."

"Where, *maîle*?"

"Cacao Company's wharf. And muffle your oars, too. Understand?"

"Yes, master."

"*Parole d'honneur?*"

"*Parole d'honnêt!*"

"Here's ten to bind it!" and I slipped him a silver piece. His huge fist hinged round it. Then we had another drink, and I left in search of the *alcalde*.

"Old Don Luis, I knew, hung out mostly at the custom-house of an afternoon. There's where I found him—ran into him quite casually, y' know, smoked a bit, talked a bit, and ended by a hint at cribbage. The don gorged my bait, hook and

all; in fifteen minutes from the time I met him we'd dated up a game for that very evening.

"Well, sir, that cribbage game was certainly a gay affair. We played in the old boy's library—a good library, too, with French wall-paper, paintings, lots of books in glaring, unused bindings; everything, in fact, quite European except the tropic smells that oozed in through the long windows, the slight crepitation of lizards and iguanas crawling among the palm-leaves in the patio, and the yellow boy serving our drinks on a woven cocoa-fiber mat. I availed myself of a guest's election of beverages to order just a single bottle of Burgundy, and left the hard stuff to Don Luis. It was with uncommon satisfaction I noticed how joyfully he tackled his *aguardiente*. I wished every drop was a tumblerful, you bet!

"I've played all sorts of games in all sorts of places from Dawson City to Chihuahua—seen lead dealt, too, and steel—but for high-voltage thrills I've never stacked into anything to equal that quiet little cribbage game with the bleary old don. He was a pretty hard pickle for any plain novice in the art of alcoholics to go against with the idea of conquest, eh? And besides that I had to give him a rub for points and still manage to let him win out by an eyelash, so he'd rake in the picayune stakes and feel happy, expansive, at peace with the world and me. Oh, my work was all cut out!

"At last, about eleven, when I saw by the cut of the old boy's jib that his crew of reason was below decks with all hatches spiked, I boarded him. He was pretty much all in, but still I opined he might be able to write a word or two. So I gaffed him in the softest place of his ego, his jingo patriotism. That gaffing was high art, too, if you'll pardon my saying it. You get the situation—going against the government of a red-pepper, cockroach republic on purely sentimental grounds for something ab-so-lutely tabooed?

"I'm not going to bore you with the details of my campaign, not at all, or take time explaining how I lost pennies, won and lost again, kept the don to his liquor, advised Burgundy for his liver and port for his stomach—how I injected the news about the plague-stricken American between tricks, and played chords with his heart-strings till I had him snuffling strabismically and all that; no, I'll leave the *modus* for you to

work out yourself. The main thing's right here, that by half-past eleven I'd navigated him to the indignant stage where he was tugging unsteadily at his goatee, exclaiming, 'An' who shall prevent m' dear señor, man of hon'r (*hck!*), patriotic fellow cit'zen of the worl', from goin' visit b'loved ship—I mean compatriot?'

"'Why,' said I, 'it's just this way, your excellency. The Señor Sereno del Pilar has forbidden 'em landing or having anything to do with anybody. That leaves my countryman to die like a sheep with anthrax. Are you going to stand for *that*? Am I? No, your excellency, not while we're *men*! Shall I count on you?'

"His palsy-shaking head quavered over the table, and several fat tears dropped on the green baize. 'M' dear friend,' said he brokenly, 'I'm at (*hrrck!*) your service in any way. Whajju require? I give full p'rmission—visit anywhere necessary—my territory—humanity, fraternity of nations—'

"My fountain pen came out about that time. 'Here,' said I, 'if you'll just please put that in writing?' And I shoved a slip of paper at him. A couple of minutes later this scrawl had meandered over it:

"'Let bearer pass anywhere in Araguaio *mañana*.

By Authority,

Don Luis de X. Y. Z. &c., Comandante.'

"Cribbage was a dead-and-buried issue with me, the second I got *that* in my pocket, you bet! I rounded up the game to a quick close, paid my losses with chicken-feed copper (ten to the penny down there), and begged to be excused. Then I decamped in a hurry. Hang me if the staggering old anthropoid didn't hug me as I said good night, and call me his 'heroic, patr'otic (*hrrmp!*), d'voted soul.' *Carramba!*

"'*Mañana—no!*' I growled to myself as the mahogany door of the palacio squeaked shut after me.

IV

"WHEN it's dark in the tropics it's superlatively dark, plus. That night the sky was close overcast with low-hanging clouds—it was near the end of the rainy season—and everything was like the inside of a coffin six feet underground as I stumbled down to the Cacao Company's wharf with my medicine-kit. No sound but the murmur of languid surf, no star, no glimmer of light save the tiny glow of a red lantern aboard the pest-

ship. Suddenly, very far away, a thin voice began piping 'La Paloma,' and between faint guitar-chords I caught the words:

"'Y una linda guachinanga que allí vi yo
Que se-e-e vino tras de mí, que sí señor!
Si á tu ventana llega una paloma—'

"A birdlike whistle, low, resonant, snapped my attention from the serenade. 'You there, Christophe?' I stage-whispered.

"'Ouill *maite*.'

"'Bien! And the boat?'

"'Here also. Come down the steps—to the left, so; now straight down. Here I am, *maite*; vini.'

"Niggers must have cats' eyes, for I couldn't see a thing, but at last I fumbled my way into the boat and sat down. A rope splashed; then swaddled oars slowly dip-dip-dipped. From the soft-moving blades swirled elusive phosphorescence that glowed and glimmered in vague spirals over the fetid waters. Beyond this, no bond of vision with the world; we were darkness floating on a sea of dark.

"Christophe rowed with even strokes, how long I could not tell; but after a long time the red eye of the outcast burned nearer. Then, suddenly (as it seemed to me) we were close under the vessel's counter, her bulk looming over us. A sort of ghostly aura radiated from somewhere on her deck; it seemed the wraith of a glimmer, as from a dying lantern-wick.

"'Hello, on board!' I hailed in Spanish. With surprising promptitude a head popped over the rail. By its dim contour I recognized the wizened one.

"'Quien?' he croaked.

"'A doctor, an Americano,' I answered. 'I have medicines. I have come to care for your passenger.'

"'Praise all the saints for that! There may be time yet! Here!'

"A knotted rope sprangled through the darkness, struck our boat. I seized it and went up hand over hand. Christophe fastened the boat and followed me. In a couple of minutes we were both standing on the deck of the God-forsakenest little gurrybutt of a craft that ever offended the senses of man. A lantern smoldered 'midships.

"I fiddled away no time on how-d'yed-dos, but fired the king-pin question right away, 'Where is he?' For answer the wizened one slatted off along the unclean deck, circling ropes, junk, all manner of

disorder. I followed him, and Christophe followed us both. Thus we reached the cabin, the hovel, rather. The wizened one slid back a complaining door and waved his talon for me to enter.

"Wait here," I commanded Christophe; then I stepped inside. The place was lighted by a sickly tin lamp. For a moment I saw nothing but a limbo of jumbled boxes, crates, bulks wrapped in fiber-mats, all hit-or-miss—part of the cargo, evidently; then I perceived an improvised bunk, and in the bunk a something covered with a rag-tag of blanket, a something with puffy hands and restless head. A sound issued from the turgid lips; I heard one thickly articulated word, "Doctor!"

"Sir," said I, "if you——"

"Just give me something to pass me out easy; I'm a goner, anyway. No need to be careful. Give me something, anything!"

"Hang me if the man didn't startle me into silence. I knew he was a goner (the first glance showed that), but somehow his words shook me up mightily. I didn't answer; just snapped open my kit and took out a vial or two. Then I looked round for a glass.

"Let's have the stuff straight, whatever it is," wheezed the sick man. "I'll risk getting it down; it can't be worse than this, anyhow. Say, my head's as big as a barrel; look and see if it isn't. And the fever! Hand over the bottle; I'm good for it!"

"I took the tin lamp and carried it over to the bunk. The flicker slid across the man's face, and then—and then——"

"What's the matter, Doctor?" gurgled the Thing on the bed. "What you trembling and sweating for? Never saw a man die before?"

"You—you!" I stammered. Then he recognized me; his features twisted, and, by God, he laughed! Say, ever hear a hyena? Spoke my name, he did, and laughed again, cawed at me like a damned raven—right on the edge of the grave and slipping in farther every second. Talk about your scenes! And I, what did I do? Choked my heart back down where it belonged, and wheezed, and tottered, and clenched my free hand up tight so I shouldn't bury my fingers in the slack of his toadlike throat, that's what.

"It only lasted a minute or so; then I got a grip on myself, set the lamp down on a box, took the fellow by his pulpy shoulders,

gave him the look direct, and very carefully articulated:

"Where are they? Where's Dora? Where's my boy?"

"That inhuman ghoul just leered at me, tried to face me down. Think of it, will you? He answered thickly:

"That ex-wife of yours, that woman's where I'm going. The boy—well, he's——"

"Dead, too?"

"No, not what you might call dead—at least, not when I shook him. Prob'ly he wishes he was, by now!"

"My hand-grip tightened till I could feel his very bones give. 'You—tell—me—where!'"

"Let go my shoulders, you hurt!" he gurgled. "You're a doctor, and I'm your patient, don't you forget that."

"My grasp loosened. 'Will you tell me?' I half pleaded. He certainly had the whip-hand of me—professional etiquette and all that rot, y' know. But for that I'd have put my fangs and claws into him pretty quick, now, I tell you. Civilization's nothing but a varnish, anyhow. Instead of which, 'Will you tell me?' was my only weapon.

"No," he defied me, "I won't, and you can't make me. Go ahead and finish me, if you like; I'm mum. Can't last longer than *mañana*, anyhow. Perhaps you'd better cash me in now, eh?"

"I took a turn round the littered cabin; then I came back to him. It makes me hot with shame even now, the way I begged, the way he mocked me. After a while I rather lost my nerve, y' know, and made a noise, got off my dignity quite a bit, eh? and the captain came in without knocking or anything; stood staring at the two loco *Americanos*. So I grew calm again, calm and as cold as ether. I turned to the old captain. 'Get me some water!' I commanded.

"He came back pretty soon with a glassful, muddy and warm, and I mixed up a thundering dose of arsenic. No, it wouldn't kill him—he had Yellow Jack, remember; it would only ease him to his finish.

"Here, take this," said I. He gulped it painfully, closed his eyes, and lay still. I looked at him, holding the lamp over the bunk. Where was that strength of his, that beauty, now? Where would his soul be *mañana*?

"I waited, watched. Perhaps when he

revived again—who knows? Outside I heard Christophe and the wizened one chattering; inside strange winged things gyrated murmuring round the lamp, throwing their sprawly and distorted shadows across the cabin bulkheads. The heat was strangling. I lighted a stogy and waited.

"In about an hour or so the man opened his eyes again. He seemed notably weaker, but was still conscious.

"She—she——" he gasped.

"I said nothing.

"She died in Maracaibo—wailing your name—thought you'd come and find her, save her—ha! ha! But the boy, the boy—ah!"

"Then he relapsed. I forced some more arsenic between his lips.

"Thanks," he mumbled. "Money—under pillow—take it—fee." After that he became unintelligible. Still I waited, waited, for the final rally. The night was passing; from the town I heard the cathedral bell doling out four deep strokes across the bay.

"At half-past four he came to again. 'Here's where I get off,' said he distinctly. 'No flowers. Own up I was game to the finish?'

"You were," I answered. "But don't load up with excess baggage on your trip Over Yonder. Better *unload*. Where's my kid?'

"That hit him hard. He thought a minute, then he said, he gasped rather: 'I'll dicker with you. If I tell—will you write to my old man—about this, eh? Put it easy—and all that?'

"Yes."

"Promise!"

"I promise!"

"All right—make a note of—his name—

address. Odd, but even then he seemed commanding, while I obeyed. When the memorandum was finished, at his stumbling dictation, 'Now tell!' said I, holding my breath as one does with a guttering candle-flame.

"He half opened his mouth. 'He's with an Englishman named—named Ellsworth at San—San——' A spasm twitched his face, his body flung half out of the bunk, and he dropped, limp. He had gone out, and with him, God! his secret, my last hope.

V

"EH? Oh, yes, of course we buried him at once; that is, just as soon as I pulled together a little. Sewed him up in a breadth of old sail, Christophe, the captain, and I. The captain set out rum and punished it, too, along with the buck nigger. As for me, I had a little *spiritus frumenti* that helped some. It was a great sight down there in that cluttered cabin, y' know, with the lamplight struggling to keep out the dawn, and with shadows of Things lurking round in the corners, eh? And the rum those two fellows got away with was just wonderful.

"We put in sixty pounds of junk-iron to hold him steady in his sleep, then slid him over 'midships. He went down in twenty fathoms through the phosphorescent water, bubbling like a geyser. The last bubbles flickered up and broke. I leaned heavily on the schooner's rail, feeling older than the pyramids, and looked off toward the purpling east. Then for the first time, as a little sea-breeze tapped my cheek saying, 'Wake up, brother!' I realized that this at last was the *mañana* of all my dreams."



THE ROMANCE SYNDICATE

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

Illustrated by
Gordon Grant



DALLAS



WAYNE



KONGSVOLD



DANGERFIELD

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Each chapter of "The Romance Syndicate" is a story complete in itself. Four friends, Dallas, Wayne, Kongs vold, and Dangerfield, students in Paris, are about to part for the space of six months. On the eve of their going they wonder what adventures they will have to tell each other when they return. Dallas says, "None; the age of romance is past." Dangerfield believes that adventures happen to everybody if they will accept them. The four agree to watch for opportunities for romantic adventure and to pursue them. The man or men who can report nothing which the others will pass upon as true romantic adventure must provide an expensive dinner. The agreement is carried out, and the meeting takes place on Christmas eve. Last month "What Happened to Dallas" was reported. In this issue "Wayne's Adventure" is told.

II

WAYNE'S ADVENTURE



ALF the yearly cycle had sped its swift course. It was Christmas eve, and the four friends were reunited in Dangerfield's studio, according to the agreement, made when they had separated in June, to report upon their success or failure in the quest of romantic adventure.

Dallas, his voice drowned in a chorus of Homeric laughter, had just finished the recital of his adventure with the aeroplane, and when quiet was restored the host turned to Wayne. The latter had but recently arrived in Paris, coming from the Levant, and the eyes of his acquaintances had opened very wide at the sight of a livid scar which ran from his right cheek-bone to the angle of his jaw. One could see that the wound was but newly healed, as the red points made by the stitches were still conspicuous; also it had left a scar which the man would carry to his grave, but which might in time become distinguishing rather than disfiguring.

"At last, old chap," said Dangerfield, "we are to learn how you got that terrific slash.

The Colony can talk of nothing else, and at least a dozen women have given me confidential and highly colored versions of the affair. The most popular theory is that you received it from a eunuch on guard over the Yildiz Kiosk!"

Wayne smiled grimly and leaned back among the cushions of the divan. "You and Dallas were both right, Will," said he. "There is still plenty of romantic adventure to be had by the fool who goes out of his way to hunt for it."

His usually pleasant voice was a trifle harsh. He set down his coffee-cup and leaned forward, talking to the fire that was blazing on the hearth.

"I played around Newport most of the summer, yachting and motoring; then one day in August I ran across Jim Gordon. Jim was the same as always; the enthusiasm of a schoolboy and two-thirds of him legs, which he has grown in rambling over the mountain ranges of Europe, Asia, Africa, and the two Americas, potting at animals which live along the snow-line. He is like you English, Will; he would punch a cabby's head for beating a horse, and then travel five thousand miles and sleep curled up on a glacier to shoot some poor beast and track it over snow-peaks by its blood.

"It appeared that Jim had found a splen-

did hunting-country on the Balkan peninsula. When I met him he was getting ready to go out there, and he finally persuaded me to go with him. There were deer and wolves and brigands and chamois and bears and Moslem fanatics and jackals and dervishes and other game. I am not very fond of killing things and did not want to go. But in speaking of you chaps I had told Jim of our fool agreement, and finally he said:

"If you are looking for romantic adventure, there is the place. Macedonia is the whirlpool made by the East meeting the West, and the bizarre comes boiling up from underneath. Besides, the women are beautiful, and the men wear long knives."

"Jim's hunting-ground is not the easiest place to reach. We went to Marseilles, then transhipped to a commercial boat of the Messageries, which stopped at Saloniki. Here Jim had some Turkish friends in official circles, and they made things easy for us. We also engaged a long, slim Greek boy named Anton, who looked as if he had just stepped from an Alma-Tadema and spoke the most wonderful commercial English, which sounded like extracts from a business correspondence. English, it appears, is the only language, living or dead, which is not spoken in the Balkans.

"Macedonia is in a frightful mess. Nobody seems to know where its boundaries run or who owns it or, still less, who is running the show. Turkey claims it, of course, but the powers begged so hard to put it in order that the Sultan smiled in his sleeve and said, 'Go ahead, my giaour friends, and Allah go with you, which he won't!' Since then the powers have been romping in and out, and when they are not cutting the brigands' throats the brigands are cutting theirs, and the Greeks and Bulgarians are cutting each other's throats all of the time, while the Osmanli Turks sit on their haunches and grin and thank Allah that they are not Christians.

"We had the name of a man at Dolovo who was to get us guides, and who after some delay produced three fierce-looking Albanians. These people are mountaineers, descendants of the old Illyrians, and at first I had my doubts about them. They suggested the misgivings of Childe Harold's mariners,

That those who hate alike the Frank and Turk
Might once renew their ancient butcher work;
but they were scarcely his 'wild Albanians
kirtled to the knee.' Two of them wore
brown woolen tunics and carried Austrian

Mannlichers. I asked Anton what he thought of them.

"These are savage men," said he, "but it is safe to take stock in them. Perhaps they have been unreliable in regard to some Bulgarian soldiers whom they have met. Those are soldier coats and rifles. The other man has perhaps settled the account of some runaway Turkish soldier, for he carries a Turkish Mauser."

"Our trail led up into the Rhodope Mountains, a wild range, thickly forested, with high mountain pastures and peaks nine to ten thousand feet in height. There were very few villages, and we met scarcely anybody except now and then a band of Balkan gipsies migrating southward from Rumania for the winter.

"One day we sighted a little bunch of mouflon high up on the side of a precipitous mountain. They are a species of wild sheep, you know, with straight hair and of a reddish brown color. Jim promptly went crazy, and we camped. The next morning he was off before daybreak with the Albanians, and for three days he walked all over the Rhodope range, while I stopped quietly in camp and sketched and shot a big mouflon ram from where I sat, without even getting on my feet.

"About five kilometers from our camp there was a picturesque little hamlet surrounded by rose-gardens, for rose-attar is the chief product of the country. One day, when Jim was off chasing the agile chamois from peak to peak, I took Anton and went over to sketch the village. As we drew near we noticed that the place was deathly quiet, and when we reached the head of the main street there was not a soul to be seen. Anton looked around and shook his head.

"In regard to this matter," said he, in his oblique English, "there are certain objections. In this country, when a village is so quietly still, it is because the people are very afraid."

"We stood for a moment listening and looking about. It was a glorious day, cool in the shadow but very hot in the sun. The air was dry and absolutely still; the only sound was the humming of a swarm of bees, somewhere close by. For about two hundred meters the road was straight, with cottages on either side, partly hidden by pomegranate-trees full of the ripe fruit, for this was in October. At the end of the street was a walled enclosure within which stood a house almost hidden by the dull-green foliage of an olive-orchard. A red lantern was swinging from

a rod on the wall, and over the gateway there was some lettering in Cyrillic characters.

"That is a *khan*," said Anton, nodding toward the place. He looked around uneasily. "This is bad. This is disagreeably no good. There is too much silence to be comfortable to the stranger."

"That was exactly the way it struck me. Did you ever notice what a queer effect anything silent and sinister gives in the full, warm blaze of the sunshine? I have felt it several times in the Philippines. You look for the gruesome at night or in the half-light; it gives an eerie feeling to stand in what ought to be a busy village street in the middle of a bright morning and find it breathless, and to feel that all of its life is ambushed behind barred doors and peering stealthily from behind drawn shutters. There is no mistaking this deathly silence of fear, the consciousness of shallow-breathing creatures hidden away within reach of your hand. I had felt it before, and I knew at once what was the matter with this village. Anton felt it too, and began to tug at my sleeve.

"I turned to go, and as I did so something bright sparkled out in the street. I stepped out to see what it was and found, half covered in the dust, a very pretty little brocaded slipper with a Louis-Quinze heel and a buckle of brilliants. It was lined with kid and had a Vienna stamp.

"When I held it toward Anton he drew back as if it had been a snake.

"This is very bad!" said he. "Women do not drop slippers of such no-doubted values unless there is unpleasant circumstances. Let us politely leave this village behind us, sare!"

"Of course the boy was right. But the slipper was the daintiest little thing that you ever saw, and I could not help looking around for the Rhodopis who had dropped it. A little mountain hamlet of a dozen houses was an odd place for a woman who wore slippers like that. So I stood there turning the thing over in my hand, and just then I smelt a very violent perfume, which at first I thought must come from the slipper, as it was just the sort of rank scent with which you might expect an Oriental lady to deluge her wardrobe. It was taking away all the glamour, in fact, when Anton said in a low voice:

"Rose-attar! That is curious. There is no rose-attar made at this period of the season!"

"I discovered then that the smell of per-

fume did not come from the slipper at all, but was in the air. 'Where is that stuff?' I asked.

"Anton's voice sank even lower. 'There are unreliable parties here. There is much disagreeable danger. We have waited somewhat in excess. It is my kindful advice that we quietly return at breakneck speed.'

"Listen!" said I.

"We stood listening. It was very hot in the full blaze of the sun, and this heat and the heavy smell of perfume went strangely with the nervous tension of the place. For several minutes there was not a sound, except for the humming of the bees. But as we waited certain noises came. First there was the *thump, thump, thump* of a dog's hind leg against the floor as he scratched a flea. This was in a cottage close by. Next, we heard from the *khan*, or inn, the clink of a coffee-cup set down on a metal tray—a long distance for so slight a sound to travel. And then, muffled but distinct, there began the low sobbing of a woman. This also came from the inn and was as steady and monotonous as the droning hum of the bees.

"Anton was as pale as his olive skin would permit. 'This is very bad!' he whispered. 'We do not enjoy it. Let us kindly go!'

"The smell of rose-attar grew stronger, and suddenly Anton turned and pointed toward the side of the house behind us. In the shade of the wall there was a long shelf, and on it some things which looked like hand cider-presses and some bottles. A screw-top jar had been capsized, and there was a pool of oily-looking stuff which had run over the shelf and was dripping to the ground. It was here that the bees were gathered, and a cluster of them were covering a little jam-pot. The rank perfume was so strong as to be putrid.

"Anton leaned toward me. 'That is attar of roses,' he said. 'This goods is of considering values. To make what has spilled from that jar would require at least twenty kilos of beautiful blossoms of the damask rose. In the little pot there is *confiture* made from rose-leaves, and it is this which attracts the bees.'

"The woman's sobbing had stopped, and the hot, crisp silence rested on the place. Anton kept tugging at my sleeve until I told him sharply to stop it. The boy was badly frightened, but he never thought of deserting me. Things certainly looked out of joint, and I was just on the point of taking Anton's

advice and clearing out when suddenly I thought of our agreement.

"Here," said I to myself, 'is the door to romantic adventure wide open. I will never get a better chance. A terrified village, a jeweled slipper in the middle of the road, and Rhodopis herself sobbing her heart out behind the olive-trees!'

"So I hesitated for a moment, with Anton fretting and whimpering, and at that moment a man's voice said caressingly,

"*As te obitcham, moia Bulbul!*"

"The words reached us distinctly through the hot, vibrating air. The sobbing began again, petulant and angry. Anton plucked at my elbow.

"What did he say?" I asked.

"Oh, this is very, very bad! He says, 'I love you, my nightingale!'"

"That does not sound so bad to me," said I.

"But he says it in Bulgarian, and this is a Turkish and Christian village! That is no good! Nobody in all this *vilayet* speak Bulgarian but the Pomaks. They are Bulgarian brigands who live in the mountains. They are similarly Moham-medans and no good."

"This should have been enough for anybody with sense. It would have been more than enough for me if it had not been for our compact to follow any trail which promised to lead to romantic adventure. While I was hanging in the wind and calling myself different kinds of a fool, and Anton was hopping from one foot to the other like a sand-hill crane, the sweetest voice I ever heard cried out, '*Yok, yok, yok!*' That is the Turkish

no. Then there came a frightened and angry scream.

"Several men began talking harshly and all together. There was the *thud, thud, thud* of footsteps coming down a flight of stairs, and then a hot argument. It all sounded to me as if one of the gang had tried to kiss a woman and the others had interfered. Then the sobbing began once more, and I turned to

Anton and asked him if he was armed.

"Oh, no, no, no!" said he. Then he tried to talk, but his fright made the most awful mess of his trade English, and he said something about 'this not being the affair referred to in behalf of our interest and engaging our attention!' Whatever he said, it was the truth!

"Well, there was my pledge, and here was a woman—with a sweet voice and jeweled slippers—in a whole lot of trouble, and there was really no other way out of it all with honor. I had a revolver, which was no good, of course, but a bluff is always good and it speaks an international language. So with Anton

whimpering along behind, like a pup being led through a menagerie, I walked down the street and through the gate and slap into the ugliest, wickedest-looking outfit of bandits you can possibly imagine.

"They were lying around in the shade of the olive-trees, drinking Turkish coffee and eating figs. There were about a dozen of them, and they were savage, swarthy-looking chaps, wearing sheepskins with the wool inside. Fancy, on a hot day! I was perspiring in canvas shooting-clothes, and I perspired



"WHEN I HELD IT TOWARD ANTON HE DREW BACK AS IF IT HAD BEEN A SNAKE"

The Romance Syndicate

still more when I saw them. They had tight trousers, and wool *calpacs*, and rawhide shoes, with puttees twisted around their big, muscular legs. All of them had yataghans in their sashes, and there were some good-looking Mannlichers lying on a bench against the wall.

"You couldn't mistake them; they had brigand written all through. But it was too late for me to back out, so I just glanced at them and then sat down on a bench by the gate and clapped my hands. Anton stood by my elbow.

"The Pomaks had all jumped up when we came in; now they sat down again, and for a few moments there was a dead silence, and I could feel their eyes boring holes in my back. Anton had pulled himself together and called out something in Turkish, and presently a wild-eyed boy slunk out of the house and stood looking at us with his mouth open.

"*Kahvé!*" said Anton, and the boy bolted off. I looked around at the brigands. They were beginning to mutter among themselves. The sobbing, which had been coming from a window overhead, had stopped. Anton was trying hard to hide his fright, but his face was the color of a half-ripe lemon—yellow-green.

"Pretend not to notice them," said I.

"That is to be highly recommended," he answered, licking his lips.

"The boy came with our coffee. Nobody moved while we sipped it slowly, and I was beginning to think that we might be allowed to clear out when there came a rustle overhead, and I looked up and saw, in a window half hidden by vines, the loveliest face that you can possibly imagine—big blue eyes, long dark lashes, and the fresh pink-and-white skin of a Danish girl. A big heap of reddish yellow hair was tumbled down over her forehead. I had time to see that much when she suddenly disappeared, as if snatched away by somebody behind her.

"But that broke the spell. A big muscular chap, who was the only one of the gang wearing a fez, jumped to his feet and strode over to where we sat. He scowled down at me and said a few words which I could not understand. I shrugged and ducked my head sideways toward Anton, then went on with my coffee. Anton and the brigand talked for a few minutes, and then the boy turned to me. He had quite pulled himself together again.

"This bold party asks who you are," said he. "I will tell him respectfully that you are

sportsman gentleman hunting lambs and that you have many servants and savage Albanian employees. I will especially recommend that he kindly avoid all trouble, to the mutual interests of both parties."

"He said something to the man, who went back to the others, and for several minutes there was a discussion to which Anton listened.

"Can you understand them?" I asked.

"The boy made a gesture. 'Kindly not to interrupt,' said he.

"I sipped my coffee and watched his face, and presently I observed that he was turning green again and beginning to tremble. 'What is it?' I asked.

"Anton licked his dry lips. 'To me he speaks Turkish,' he answered. 'Now he speaks Bulgarian under false opinion that I am not in touch with what is to be done. Regarding matter in hand, he say that you are rich German and your friends would remit funds for delivery of your person. Some others say that to steal you would result in interference of trade. For me he say that I am only Greek servant and that he will cut my neck.'

"This news hit me very hard, although not on my own account. Here was poor Anton, who had got into the mess through his loyalty to me, in a fair way to get his throat cut. He had tried his best to keep me out of the row, and when I had proved foolishly obstinate had stuck to me. This would not do at all.

"I glanced over my shoulder at the brigands. The man who had questioned us was evidently the chief, as he alone wore a fez with a *terk* or turban twisted around it, a sign of rank. According to Anton, it was he who favored the neck-cutting, and as I watched him it became plain that he was going to have his way. Now and then he glanced toward us, and his hand played nervously with the hilt of his yataghan.

"The brigands were clustered around him, a few arguing, while most of them simply listened. Their rifles were lying on the bench at some little distance. The only way out of the enclosure was through the gate just inside of which we were sitting.

"Anton," said I, "can you run?"

"His eyes opened wide. 'We cannot run faster than bullets,' said he.

"I told him that I was not going to take the chance, as my life was not in danger.

"But I do not like to retire," said Anton,



"HE SCOWLED DOWN AT ME AND SAID A FEW WORDS WHICH I
COULD NOT UNDERSTAND"

'leaving you involved in this affair. Oh, this is all very bad!'

"It may be worse," said I, "unless you start quickly. Take my revolver and make a dash."

"Perhaps this measure should be adopted," said Anton. "Then I will hurry along."

"I slipped the gun into his hand, and the next instant he was through the gate like a scared cat. The action was so sudden that he had a good start before the brigands saw what was up; then they jumped for their rifles, while the chief and another man grabbed me

by the arms. I did not resist, but as a long-legged young chap made for the gate I shoved out my foot and tripped him up. A moment later, through the gateway, I caught a glimpse of Anton 'hurrying along' up the side of a slope planted in rose-trees. The brigands shot at him, but missed, and he disappeared over the crest of the hill with the man whom I had tripped up close behind him. As Anton had my revolver I did not worry about him.

"The gang soon gave up the chase, and after a short and noisy argument the woman was brought down and put on a pony, and we

hit the trail. For the rest of the day we wound up into the hills, following sheep-paths and dry water-gullies, and about twilight we came to a shepherd's hut. Here we spent the night, all hands sleeping in the same room. The chief screened off one corner for the lady.

"Just as we were ready to start, the following morning, a half-naked shepherd rushed in and began to jabber something about the *zabtie*, which I knew to be the Turkish word for gendarme. The Pomaks grabbed up their rifles and hurried down the hill, two of them stopping to bind the woman and me hand and foot. The shepherd was left to guard us. A few minutes later we heard firing, when the shepherd was overcome by curiosity and went to the brow of the hill, where I could see him shading his eyes and looking down into the gorge.

"The woman was crouched with her back against the wall. She was cloaked from head to foot in a loose, light, silk *jeridgi*, and her face was completely hidden by a dark-blue *yashmak* of gauze, through which she could see without being seen. Presently she said, with a perfect Parisian accent,

"Does monsieur speak French?"

"*Parfaitement*," I answered. "I live in Paris. Madame has had the misfortune to be kidnaped?"

"*Mais oui*," she said, with a sigh. "What bad luck!"

"It is indeed," said I. "Where were you captured?"

"In the same village where monsieur was taken. I was fleeing with my lover from Philippopolis to Saloniki, where we hoped to take a ship for Paris or Vienna."

"From whom were you fleeing?" I asked.

"From my husband. He is an old man, no longer amusing, and very cruel. He is very rich and lives at Philippopolis, on the other side of the Despoto Dagh."

"And your lover?" I asked. "Was he also taken?"

"Ah, no!" she sighed. "He was only a poor young officer in the army and would have brought no ransom, so they yataghaned him. It is very sad, is it not?" Her voice choked.

"Madame has all of my sympathy," said I.

"Monsieur is very kind." She gave a deep sigh. "It was most unfortunate for me. I had hoped to see Paris and be the wife of Ahmed. Instead I am more apt to see some filthy little village and be the wife of a dirty

Bulgarian brigand! I am sorry that I went with Ahmed."

"It was evident that the lady's sympathy was less for Ahmed than for herself.

"At this moment our guard came back. The cords around my wrists were cutting into the flesh and hurting me very badly. When I called his attention to it he gave my hands a malicious jerk, then spat in my face, called me something which I gathered to be a dog of an unbeliever, kicked me in the stomach, and went out. I registered a vow that if I lived I would square that little account.

"That is an animal!" said the girl. "They are all animals!"

"He is not polite," said I. "What is your name?"

"They call me Bulbul [nightingale] because I sing so beautifully."

"Indeed. And I suppose the brigands will offer you for ransom?"

"Yes. But my husband will not pay anything for me. He is very stingy. If he were to get me back now he would have me strangled. He is not at all amiable."

"He cannot be," I agreed. "But how about your parents?"

"Oh, I do not remember them. They are in Circassia, on the other side of the Caucasus in Russia. Besides, they are poor people. If the brigands want money for me they will have to sell me to some rich man."

"How would you like that?" I asked.

"If my husband were young and agreeable it would be very nice. I might be bought by a rich Jew. They are unbelieving dogs whom Allah will curse, but they are very nice to their wives and give them many presents."

"I was struck by the eternal feminine. Where did you come from?" I asked.

"From Russia first, when I was a little girl. Then I was *odalik* in the house of a very rich minister in Russia. There I was taught French and Greek and music."

"In justice to the lady I might say that an *odalik* is merely a handmaiden. Europeans have corrupted the word to a different meaning in 'odalisk.'"

"And you also speak Russian and Circassian and Turkish?" I asked.

"That is all. I am very stupid."

"You are still young. What happened to you then?"

"My husband, the mean old man at Philippopolis, came to visit my master. *Odaliks* do not cover their faces, so he saw that I was very beautiful. That was a year ago, when I

was sixteen years of age and had had no troubles. He asked my master for me, and as he was a friend of the padishah my master did not dare refuse. So I was taken away and became *Kutchuk hanum*. That is the fourth wife. Only four are permitted.'

"And so," said I, 'you think that nobody will ransom you?'

"No," she said. 'I will have to be sold. If we could only escape I would be the wife of monsieur. I am very beautiful and can sing and play the piano and the violin. I can also dance, and I have been taught the Circassian gesture dance, which few women know.'

"Madame is certainly too charming and accomplished," said I, 'to be the wife of a Bulgarian bandit. Perhaps we may yet have the chance to escape, or possibly we may be rescued by the gendarmes.'

"My hands and feet are like ice," said the lady. 'I hope that the pigs of brigands will be cut to pieces!' And she added a few comments which, while in perfect good taste in Turkey, it would not do to translate.

"The firing kept up pretty briskly, but it was growing fainter, which led me to think that the *zabtie* were retreating down the valley. Our guard had disappeared, and I decided to get free. They had bound me in a hurry with heavy grass twine, which, while strong enough, was loose-fibred. The lower part of the hut was built of mud and stones, and by getting my back against the wall and rubbing my wrists against a sharp, slaty edge

it did not take long to saw through the twines. As soon as I had freed my ankles I liberated the lady, and the first thing she did was to roll up her *yashmak* and turn toward me a face that was even lovelier than the impression which I had got of it at the window of the *khan*. Her skin was like the leaf of a damask rose, and her eyes were like two great sapphires.

"Am I not beautiful?" she asked, smiling.

"You are much too beautiful," said I, 'to be in the hands of these brigands. Let us get out of here as quickly as we can.'

"I helped her to her feet, and we stepped toward the door. At the same moment there appeared over the brow of the hill, not fifty meters away, the shepherd and a Pomak brigand, half dragging, half carrying the chief, who was alive but badly wounded.

"We are too late!" whispered the girl. 'What a pity!'

"We drew back, peeping through chinks in the wall. A few steps from

the door they laid the chief down, and the shepherd came toward the hut. He and the brigand were both armed with yataghans, and the brigand also had his own and the chief's rifle slung on his back, the straps across his chest. No one else was in sight, and the distant firing was still going on intermittently.

"I motioned to the girl to draw back, and she suddenly understood, for she shrank into the corner of the hut.

"As the shepherd stepped across the threshold I made a grab and jerked the



"THEN, QUITE NATURALLY, SHE TIED UP MY WOUNDS WITH HER YASHMAK"

yataghan from his sash, at the same time giving him a shove with the other hand.

"*Stoi!*" he gasped, startled and frightened. Then he flung out both hands to grapple with me, and I gave him the blade hard up to the hilt.

"The Pomak outside heard his scream, but before he could unsling the rifles I was through the door, and we were facing each other across the body of the chief.

"The brigand was a Tatar type—a big, bony man with long wrists and ankles and muscles which knotted in bulging masses. His face was like a scowling war-mask, bristling hair growing almost to his eyebrows and the eyes themselves set on the least slant. He had a hooked nose with wide, flat nostrils. His face, his type, his general expression of inhuman mercilessness stirred up some horror deep inside of me—a combination of fear and ferocity. I have had the same feeling only in nightmares—that blood-rage which goes with goose-creeps and a bristling along the spine. The man was my racial enemy; we were wolf and hound, and half mad, half terrified, but strung to the topmost pitch, I sprang in and struck.

"He parried and slashed back, and during the next few blows I must have got that gash across my cheek, although I do not remember it. He wounded me twice besides—painful cuts on the body and on the forearm—and presently I felt the bloody hilt of the yataghan slip in my hand, and so I sprang back clear of him.

"Do you know that for a moment as we stood there panting and glaring at each other across the body of the chief I wanted to drop my weapon and run? For all of the hot blood of the fight I was horribly afraid. There was something terrifying in the savage animalism of the man; it was like fighting with a troll or an afrit or a jinn or some creature which was monstrous and strong and cruel and soulless. He was twice as strong as I and more active. If I had been alone I am sure that I would have run like a hare—no doubt screaming like a hare. He was out of my epoch—the whole thing seemed out of my epoch of civilization. If we had faced each other with revolvers I do not think that I would have been afraid; but the thirsty look of his thin lips and his point already dripping with my blood—ugh! Perhaps I am too much the product of an esthetic age; at any rate, I was swept with a shudder not only of terror but of disgust and loathing.

"But while we paused there was a flash of color in the door of the hut, and I caught a glimpse of the girl, watching us. That brought me back, and I leaped forward and struck straight down with all of my strength. He might have swerved aside and thrust, but instead he caught the blow on the flat of his yataghan, and the blade snapped close to the hilt. I saw my chance and struck again, the same blow, and this time it went home, and I left the yataghan three inches deep in his Tatar skull.

"The girl was standing in the door of the hut; she looked at me and laughed. She belonged to the past, also. Then, quite naturally, she tied up my wounds with her *yashmak*, and just as naturally I stripped my enemy of his weapons and even of a heavy pouch tied to his girdle.

"Come, *janim!*" said the girl.

"What's that?" I asked.

"My soul!" she answered, laughing, and I put her on the horse and we went down the mountain.

"All that morning I staggered along, leading her horse on the back track, and when the sun was straight over our heads we rounded the spur of a hill and came suddenly upon Jim and Anton and the guides, all armed to the teeth and traveling hotfoot on our trail.

"There were six of us now, so we had no fear of what the *zabtie* had left of the brigands. When I had told the story Jim sat and stared at the girl, who was now unveiled. She stared back with cheerful composure.

"Well," said Jim, "what now?"

"I think," said I, "that we had better get out, as Anton would say, at breakneck speed."

"Yes," sighed Jim, "and I've got only one mouflon. But you must have your face sewed up."

"Never mind the face," said I. "We must dispose of the lady."

"How?" he asked.

"Suppose we leave it to her."

"Jim turned to the girl. 'Where would you like us to take you, Madame Bulbul?' he asked in French.

"She nodded her pretty head toward me. 'I will go where monsieur wishes,' said she. 'I belong to him now.'

"Can you imagine the situation? Can you see me riding down from the hills, covered with blood, leading a Circassian slave-girl? Can you picture such a thing in this age of



"THEN HE FLUNG OUT BOTH HANDS TO GRAPPLE WITH ME, AND I GAVE HIM
THE BLADE HARD UP TO THE HILT"

modernity? Jim sat down on a rock and roared.

"But that is impossible," said I. "There are a great many reasons why I cannot take you to Paris."

"She looked at me in surprise. 'Then why did you risk your life to rescue me?' she asked.

"I saw the uselessness of trying to make her understand the principle of disinterested chivalry. 'I do not like to be bound,' said I, 'and I wished to be revenged.'

"She nodded, then turned away.

"As it is," I said, 'you had better go back to your husband.'

"Her lovely face fell, her lips began to quiver, and her great blue eyes filled. 'If you send me back to my husband I will be poisoned or strangled,' said she. 'If you do not want me yourself you had better shoot me. There is no place for me to go.'

"How about your former master?" asked Jim.

"He would not dare to keep me. Nobody would dare to keep me." She drew the light silk *feridgi* snugly about her so that it brought out each lovely curve of her superb figure. Her lips trembled, but her voice was coaxing, like the voice of a child who does not wish to be left behind.

"Why do you not want to take me with you to Paris, monsieur?" she asked. "I will be very good. Have you any wife so beautiful as I? Do you think that it is right to save a girl from brigands and then leave her to be poisoned or strangled?" Her lips quivered more and more; you must remember that she was not yet eighteen.

"It was very perplexing. There was no reason to doubt her word that she would only meet with cruelty at the hands of her vindictive old husband, for the Turks, while kind to their wives, do not hesitate to punish infidelity with death. By the time we arrived in Saloniki, with the lady still under our pro-

tection, the situation was getting serious—for me. Jim would do nothing but laugh, and Bulbul herself was having a splendid time, trotting around unveiled with an elderly maid whom I had engaged for her, and buying imitation jewelry with the money which she begged from me. Then one day Anton, with whom I had sought counsel, solved the situation. He ushered into my presence a very handsome young Turk whom he introduced as a wealthy merchant and importer.

"This Ottoman party," said Anton, in his grandest commercial-correspondence English, 'have viewed Madame Bulbul and got himself very badly mashed.' Where he got that expression I'm sure I don't know, unless it was from Jim. 'This said party having funds at hand and being advised that Madame Bulbul is at your disposition would kindly desire to open negotiations.'

"At first I wanted to laugh, but I could see that the Turk was quite in earnest.

"My customer," Anton continued, 'have recently inscribed many poetries in honor of this good-looking woman.'

"It certainly had the appearance of a sincere passion. On further inquiry I discovered that

the young man was unmarried and that he was willing to pay a reasonable price for Bulbul, and then elevate her to the rank of *Gul hanum*, or Great Lady, which is the title of the first wife of the four legitimate ones permitted to the Faithful.

"It was a peculiar situation. Here was I, unquestioningly admitted the owner of a very beautiful Circassian girl and quietly offered a good price for her. The Koran expressly forbids that any Moslem shall be held in bondage, but from time immemorial there has been much slave-traffic in Circassians, although they are professed Mohammedans, and this trade is still carried on to a very great extent. But I naturally had no intention of



"ALL THAT MORNING I STAGGERED ALONG, LEADING HER HORSE ON THE BACK TRACK"

selling into slavery my little nightingale for whom I had fought and bled. A formal marriage, however, was quite a different matter, so I sent for the girl and presented her suitor. Their meeting was very interesting. Nothing could have been more respectful than the attitude of the Turk. At the end of half an hour I had Bulbul's maid take her back to her apartment. The young man was quite unable to conceal his admiration, which pleased me, as no price had been mentioned.

"He say," Anton translated, "that Madame Bulbul looks better behind her *yashmak* than the sun behind blue wind-clouds. He say her front [forehead, I suppose he meant] comes down to her eyes like snow falling into the sea. This party also say her lips are like a *papillon* [butterfly] wagging his wings on a flower. I think he will pay advanced rates."

"You may tell him," said I, "that Madame Bulbul is not for sale and that she is not a slave-girl, but a lady. Tell him that if she wishes to marry him she shall do so as a lady, with a *dot* of her own, which will be secured for her according to the customary Turkish legal formalities."

"When the Turk had gone I went up to talk the matter over with the girl. 'Do you wish to marry this gentleman, Bulbul?' I asked.

"She laid her cheek against my hand.

"Will not monsieur take me with him?"

"That is impossible," said I. "Do you find this young man to your taste?"

"He is very pretty, and his verses are very beautiful."

"Where did you get his verses?" I asked.

"Anton brought them, *janim*."

"I will give Anton a thrashing!"

"She was perfectly still for several minutes, which was a very unusual state for her to be in. Presently she said,

"And if I should not want to marry this gentleman, what then?"

"Then," said I, "we would have to look around for some one whom you would like to marry." I had already told her that I meant to give her a dowry.

"Bulbul walked to the window and stood for a moment peeping out through the blinds.

"He is very handsome," said she, without looking around, "and appears to be agreeable and young and rich and much in love with me. Besides, he has no other wife."

"You would be *Gul hanum*. I am sure that he would have no wish to marry again," said I.

"She looked at me fixedly. 'Why are you so sure, *janim*?' she asked softly. Then, when I did not answer, she turned away. 'Yes,' she said. 'He ought to be a very agreeable husband. I would like to marry him very much. I will marry him whenever you wish. You have been very good to me, and I am not behaving nicely.'

"Then she flung herself down on the divan and burst into tears, and—there's your romantic adventure. I hope you are satisfied!"

Wayne stopped abruptly and reached for a cigarette. For several minutes no one spoke.

"Well?" growled Dallas.

"That's all!" Wayne snapped. "There's your romantic adventure. That lets me out, doesn't it?"

"Oh, of course, but——"

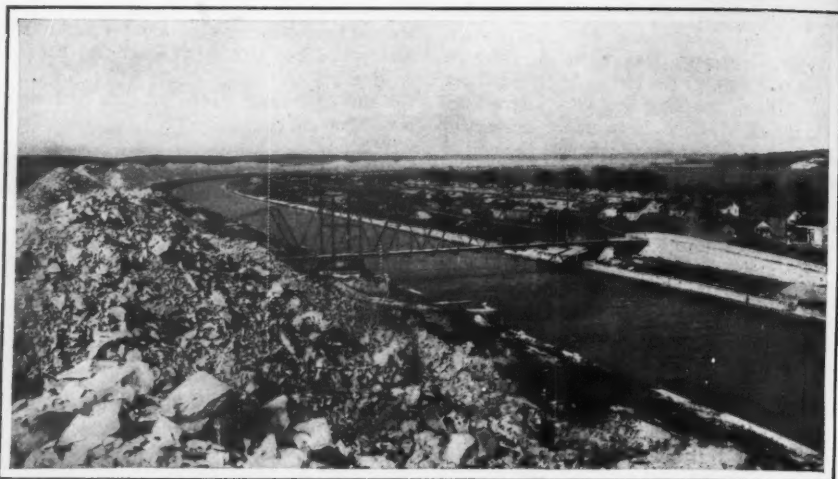
"But *what*? I killed two men, rescued a Circassian girl, then dowered her with five thousand francs and made her a good marriage. In case of *talaq*, the Turkish divorce, she will get back this *dot*. At present her position is that of a Turkish wife of the upper class. What more do you want? Haven't I kept my agreement in behalf of true romance?"

"Well, rather!" said Dallas.

But Dangerfield shook his head and sighed.

The third story of "*The Romance Syndicate*," entitled "*The Saga of Kongsvold*," will appear in the Holiday issue.





A ROCK CUT ON THE CHICAGO DRAINAGE CANAL

The Great Cross of Waterways

THE NECESSITY FOR MAKING THE MISSISSIPPI SYSTEM THE GREAT EAST-AND-WEST AS WELL AS THE NORTH-AND-SOUTH HIGHWAY. NATIONAL PERIL IN THE GEORGIAN BAY CANAL

By Herbert Quick



IN proving a case for a national system of waterways the Mississippi River is Exhibit A. It is first to be considered. It embraces a majority of the projects for facilitating inland commerce. The San-Joaquin-Sacramento, the Columbia, the Atlantic and Gulf projects are all important, and must have as favorable consideration as the mid-continent rivers; but the Mississippi is the stream that covers the ground.

Don't make the mistake of thinking of it as a stream that runs from St. Paul to New Orleans merely. It and its tributaries are creation's skeleton for a continental highway system, a great family of navigable rivers. And it connects with the Great Lakes system by the Chicago Drainage Canal. Oh, no, they aren't running boats

from Buffalo and Duluth to St. Louis, but they are closer to real navigation over that route than over any reach of the natural river north of mid-Louisiana. Let no one be anxious about the deep waterway from Chicago to St. Louis. That is provided for. Chicago, by spending a trifle of fifty-five million dollars, has made a ditch to Joliet deep enough for the biggest Lake ship. She is tired of waiting for Uncle Sam, and is going to spend twenty to thirty millions more to finish the job to St. Louis. Chicago is canny. Uncle Sam couldn't drive her off the job. She will finish the best trunk-line highway in the West, clear the freight situation in the isthmus between the cities, spend a hundred millions, perhaps, and as a by-product have power to sell from her dams to pay back every cent of the cost in a few years.

So nobody need bother about the Mississippi's connection with the Lakes. "Attend to your old Father of Waters," says the

Windy City, "and I'll look after his nuptials with the Lakes. I'll build you a real ship-canal. I'll put in locks nine hundred and sixty feet long—and that ought to hold the Lake commerce for a while. I know what I want. I want to get St. Louis into the sisterhood of Lake ports; and, incidentally, I want that water-power at Dresden Heights. I want to trade to Mississippi ports myself. You attend to the Mississippi, and I'll fix this little hundred-million deal across Illinois!" And with the Lakes and the Mississippi coupled, what a system of navigation is opened up! It takes in every Lake port from Sacketts Harbor to Duluth. It reaches New York city through the Erie Canal, which the Empire State is spending one hundred million dollars to convert into the most capacious bargeway in the world. It communicates with every coastal canal and river system now projected, except those on the Pacific coast.

And don't make the mistake of thinking of it as a north-and-south line only. Some time it will be opened north through the Minnesota River and the Red River of the North to Winnipeg, the Canadian Northwest, and Hudson Bay. But until then its

greatest mileage will be east and west. It is fifteen hundred miles north and south, true; but east and west—why, east and west it is the greatest stretch of river navigation this side of Mars. Just look at the map, and see how its eastern arm runs straight and beautiful from Pittsburg to Cairo, then up the main stream to St. Louis, whence its western arm extends three thousand miles north-westwardly to Great Falls, Montana. This east-and-west line is four thousand miles long, and not very crooked. The Mississippi system is a great waterway cross, the long beam of which has Pennsylvania at one end and Montana at the other, while the short beam, standing on the Gulf, supports the Twin Cities at its upper end. Furthermore, the eastern arm is double, running from St. Louis to New York through the Drainage Canal, the Lakes, and the Erie Canal.

If a new independent railway system were to be put in operation with terminals in the hearts of New York, Albany, Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo, Kingston, Toronto, Montreal, Cleveland, Toledo, Detroit, Duluth, West Superior, Milwaukee, Chicago, Cincinnati, Louisville, Cairo, St. Paul, Dubuque



MANCHESTER DOCKS, MANCHESTER SHIP-CANAL, ENGLAND, A SPLENDID
EXAMPLE OF THE ARTIFICIAL WATERWAY

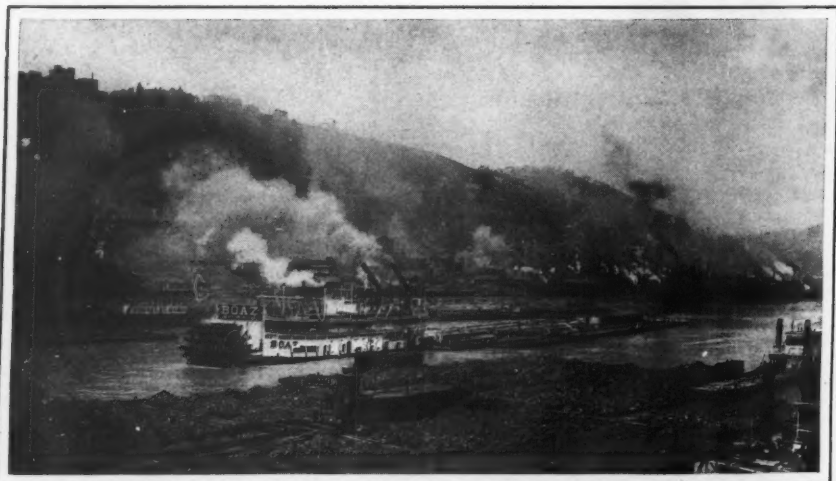
The Great Cross of Waterways

St. Louis, Memphis, New Orleans, Kansas City, St. Joseph, Omaha, Sioux City, Bismarck, Fort Benton, Great Falls, and—oh, fifty others—the commercial world would surely be electrified. "Why, here," it would exclaim, "is the way we long have sought, and mourned because we found it not! Here's rate competition at last! The transportation millennium is upon us!"

But the Mississippi system offers a free highway to these same places for everyone's conveyances; over the most important lines it is scarcely subject to closure by frost; it requires no up-keep, compared with the railway; its terminals are in the very hearts of the cities, and are of almost incalculable value; it moves freight faster than the railways can, at from a sixth to a sixteenth of the cost; it can be put in first-class condition for business for less than the cost of an equal mileage of railways. And the waterways are owned by the people. As a business proposition the situation admits of no argument. This great navigation system must be rehabilitated.

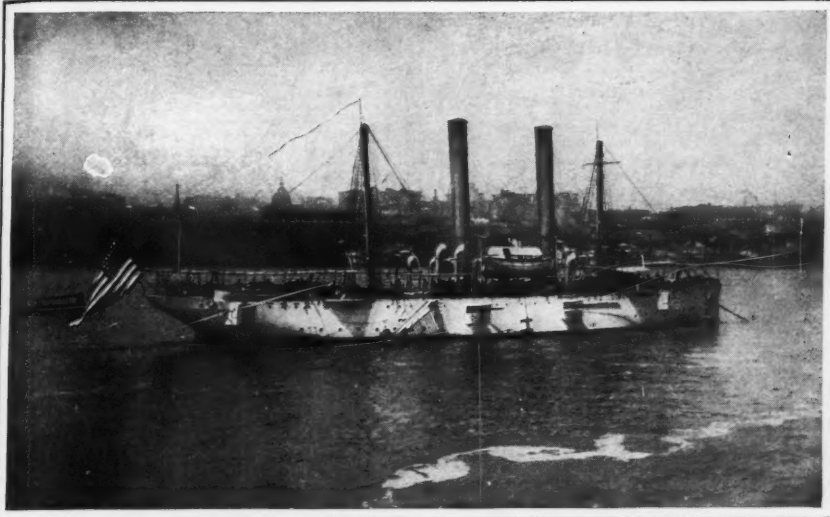
The reader has already said to himself: "Oh, pshaw! Haven't the waterways been tried? Wasn't it a struggle between them and the railways for survivorship, and didn't the fittest survive?" Well, there is something in the reader's argument. Four thousand miles of natural canals abandoned is

the history; and the Mississippi was once plowed by fleets of gorgeous steamers, with beauty and chivalry and romance, poker, bowie-knives, Mark Twain, nigger on the safety-valve, cotton on the deck—riotous prosperity! Why, even on the Missouri, on the most of which a steamer is now as rare as a pterodactyl, they used to swarm for three thousand miles above St. Louis, making their owners fortunes at every trip. The railways cut off this commerce in sections. Came the Hannibal & St. Joseph, the Rock Island, the Union Pacific—and the river was deserted to Omaha. The Illinois Central struck the long serpent at Sioux City, the Northern Pacific at Bismarck, the Great Northern at Williston; then the weapons of "Jim" Hill and Henry Villard pierced through to Butte and Helena, and the story of the Missouri was done. The Mississippi was almost as bad. The Ohio dwindled, except as to a special trade which proved too vigorous for the railways. Everywhere the railways were doing the same things that they did on the Missouri. They were all-powerful in Congress. The press, quite honestly for the most part, took on railway views. Waterways were ridiculed and sneered at. We have not recovered from the railway obsession yet; and many a man will read this with a smile of indulgent disbelief on his face. Some of the advocates of



CARGOES OF COAL AND IRON DELAYED AT PITTSBURG OWING TO LOW WATER IN THE OHIO

With a permanent depth of six feet, this mass of material would be moved promptly with great saving of money



THE GUNBOAT "NASHVILLE" IN THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER OFF ST. LOUIS, SHOWING
POSSIBILITIES OF NAVIGATION EVEN AT PRESENT DEPTH

the waterways believe in them merely as clubs for the railways. The victory of the railways seems to be a clear case of the survival of the fittest. But it isn't. It is merely the survival of the fittest. The waterway is the better tool of trade for the greater part of the tonnage.

Whatever Mr. Darwin might say, there's a difference between the fittest and the fighter. The railways' claim to superior merit is not proved because they ruined the waterways. A steam-thrasher is a better tool than a man with a flail; but the latter could put the former out of business—in a fight. Saddle-horses are inferior to stage-coaches as carriers; but the man on horseback, with the proper disposition and appliances, frequently stopped the stage-coach. In each of these cases the fighter wins over the fittest.

The railway fights; the waterway, without either tooth or nail, gives up. The railway has brains; the waterway never knows what hit it until the verdict of the coroner's jury is signed. The waterway competes with itself, and thus, while it makes itself capable of the greatest utility, it renders itself vulnerable. The railway runs up-hill; the waterway does not. So the railway can serve thousands of shipping-points that the waterway cannot reach without railway assistance. The railway refuses this assist-

ance, coerces the shipper into using the railway exclusively, makes it expensive for him if he does not, carries the waterway's natural tonnage at a loss if necessary and makes up the loss on something else, puts in peril every dollar invested in boats—and wins. It is like a fight between a man with a pick and an unprotected steam-shovel—intelligence and fighting power against working capacity without brains. The pick will win in a fight; but the big machine is the thing for moving dirt. The people must be brains for the waterways, and protect them.

If we regulate the railways and make them do the fair and economical thing by the waterways, as they have to do in Europe, can the waterways win? Will the boom days of Diamond Jo and Captain La Barge return? Not on the shallow streams of old. The railways are better tools than they used to be. The best engines on the best tracks can haul ten thousand tons now. The waterways were killed by railways that were in no way the equals of the railways of today. The waterways must have something more than a revival. They must be made better than they ever were, or we may as well leave them as they are. No more floating palaces, expensive passenger accommodations, tinsel and gilding: passenger traffic must be conceded to the railways. For

freight-hauling the boats must be bigger, deeper, more powerful than those of old. And neither the Mississippi nor any of its branches is deep enough for such vessels. This is the situation the waterways advocate faces. The slogan must be, "Legal protection and deep water!"

Deep water is one thing in one place, and in another quite a different matter. We have been spending money on many Southern rivers to make them accommodate drafts of eighteen inches, and the like. But this is not real commerce—only the local utilization of damp streaks. It is not until we reach the six-foot Ohio and Monongahela that we find the enormous tonnage that shows vitality in commerce. But the Ohio brings tidings of great joy to the waterways advocate. A ton carried a thousand miles for sixty-seven cents! Less than the cost of having a load of coal carried from the street into the cellar!

Let the states of Texas, Oklahoma, Kansas, Nebraska, the Dakotas, and all those on their borders, take notice of the fact that between Pittsburg and New Orleans the rates for carriage by water of heavy commodities like coal and grain are so low that if the same rates prevailed on the Missouri and the upper Mississippi the farmers would get from eight to fifteen cents a bushel more for their wheat, and in proportion for all other products. It costs \$4.70 to carry a ton of wheat by rail from Eureka, South Dakota, to Chicago, 775 miles, and Eureka is only a type. It is thirty miles from the Missouri. With six feet of water in that river there is no reason to doubt that wheat could go to St. Louis or Chicago for the seventy cents, saving the four dollars. All up and down the rivers and lakes where water-commerce has prevailed the ton goes a thousand miles for a dollar or less. On all the railways of the land the average charge for the same haulage is \$7.50. But it must be borne in mind that water-commerce, as a thing to reckon on, has survived only in isolated locations and in a small way; or on the Ohio and Mississippi, where there is a long downstream drift; or on the Lakes, where ships are used each of which can carry as many tons as two hundred and forty big freight-cars, or sixty river-steamers made to run on a heavy dew. The light-draft boat would fail, though the deeper one might win. This abundantly appears in the comparative cost of freight on the Ohio at six feet and deep-

ened to nine. Low as Ohio rates are, as we have seen, they would be greatly cheapened with three feet more of water. The saving on the present volume of trade would be \$2,280,000 annually. The additional cost of the improvement would be \$12,688,000. The engineers who have worked it out are of the opinion that the deeper river would command several times the present trade. This indicates a probability that the deepening would soon pay for itself every year.

It is a costly piece of work to rehabilitate the great Mississippi cross. The Ohio arm, deepened to nine feet, will cost \$63,731,488—to adopt the exact figures of the governmental estimate. A canal from St. Louis to Cairo along the Mississippi would cost seventy-five million dollars. Engineers estimate the cost of the six-foot improvement from the mouth of the Missouri to St. Paul at twenty million dollars. Other engineers think that with proper reservoirs for low-water purposes a depth of nine feet would be attainable at a not greatly increased cost. A governmental commission has said that a depth of twelve feet is attainable in the Missouri for fifty thousand dollars a mile. With proper legal protection a lesser depth would be ample. On the lower reaches there can be no doubt that the abutting property might be induced to bear a considerable part of the expense. With no such aid, the Missouri could be made commercially navigable to Kansas City for twenty million dollars, and to Sioux City for twice that sum. It would probably cost one hundred million dollars to improve it to Great Falls. The Drainage Canal cut-off need not be counted in—Chicago will take care of that. But the great Mississippi cross may be computed to cost three hundred and fifty million dollars, if the depths here argued for be attained.

Will it pay? Aren't we working ourselves up to a delirium in which we shall throw a lot of money to the evil birds of the contracting trade? Isn't this an unprecedentedly big mess of rivers-and-harbors "pork"? "A dollar in bank is worth a hundred in the river," says the reader.

Well, let us see what the money we have thrown to the birds in the past is doing for us. We have thrown them some five hundred million dollars in eighty years. We have bought a deal of experience, and fooled away millions. During all the years that our legislators swore by the railways and ridiculed the waterways, the biennial rivers-

The Great Cross of Waterways

and-harbors bill was something between a joke and a scandal. And yet the money we spent sneeringly, and believing it to be wasted, pays us the best of any of our outlays. Deepening Boston harbor was credited with adding three cents to the price of western wheat, by admitting deeper ships. More than forty-four million tons of freight were shipped through the "Soo" canal last year, saving the nation two hundred and fifty million dollars in freights—if one compares the "Soo" rate with railway rates on wheat for similar distances from points with no water-competition—and wheat is a large item in the "Soo." So this one canal paid last year a fifty per cent. dividend on eighty years of "pork." Three or four hundred millions to be invested in railways would not look large to Hill or Harriman. Why need the people of the United States shrink from like amounts to be invested in better highways than railways can ever be? The experience we have bought will help. The engineering profession has mastered the problems of river improvement. The improvement of the Mississippi cross will pay, whatever the cost.

And we shall have to spend the money for some sort of highways anyhow. We have no choice. Mr. Hill says that it will take five billion dollars to rehabilitate the railways so as to enable them to carry the traffic of normal times, to say nothing of the normal increase in tonnage. And tonnage in this country increases six times as fast as railway facilities increase. The first thrill of good times will be choked back into depression by railway paralysis—car-shortage, congested terminals, lack of motive power, lack of track-

age, and the old story of 1906-07—unless we provide some way of carrying the trade of this wonderful continent.

The five billions will have to be provided by the railways, say you? Why, bless your soul, what difference does that make to us? It will come out of our pockets in the end. The bonds and stocks of the railways are just as much public burdens as the bonds of the United States. Don't forget that. And if we, by putting a billion or so into waterways, can thus take off the railways the burden of spending five billions, we as a tax-paying and rate-paying people shall be at least four billions ahead. The great Mississippi cross, with adequate laws in the statute-books and ample depths in the streams, ought to take tonnage enough to render present railway facilities almost adequate. If it does but half that the work should be done, as a measure of economy.

This development of waterways is no untried experiment. The nations of western Europe have poured out billions for canals, canalized rivers, and deepened channels, until they have a mile of waterway for every twenty-three miles of land. Their products get into the world's trade at salt water with a freight charge of less than one-tenth, perhaps, of that which our railway-served producers have to pay. This is one reason why

we are making no more rapid progress in foreign commerce; and if we were to eliminate our foreign trade which gets to the sea by waterways our progress would turn into a decline. And not only Europe is showing us the way in such matters, but the South American competitors of our farmers are carrying deep water closer and closer to



HOW THE MISSOURI EATS UP THE LAND

Four months before the picture was taken this cottage, now falling into the stream, was half a mile from the bank

the farms. The Parana, in the Argentine wheat-district, has been deepened for a thousand miles, and on the La Plata, in the heart of the wheat-district, Argentina is spending fifteen million dollars on the harbor of Rosario. The South Dakota farmer, with his wheat-rate of \$4.70 a ton to Chicago, will feel this when the pinch of hard times or overproduction comes.

The other progressive nations of the world regard the waterway as a sort of thumb to the finger of the railway—members that must work together. They do not allow the finger to cut off the thumb, as we have done. They say that water-competition does the railways good, by taking the skim milk of the heavy tonnage and leaving the railways the cream. Railways which compete with waterways make more money than do the lines which have everything to carry. Our railway magnates are beginning to see this, and men like Hill, Harahan, and Finley are strong advocates of waterways. If they would only make their traffic men treat the rivers as European rivers are treated by railways, it would help greatly.

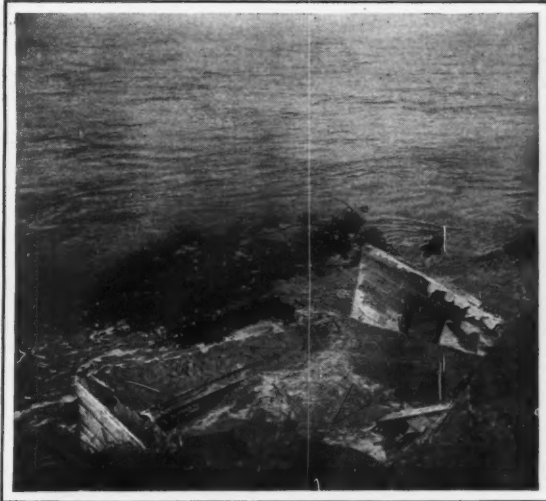
In a recent report on the Ohio the chief engineer of the army calls attention to the fact that the nine-foot project is justified on a "conjectural" future commerce, and not by the requirements of commerce actually existing or "plainly in sight," and that it will be an innovation for Congress to make an appropriation until the commerce has grown up to receive the benefit of it. This is quite true. It will be an innovation. Other nations improve their streams in the full confidence that commerce will use them. We have adopted the remarkable policy of leav-

ing the stream unfit for commerce until commerce has developed on the unfit stream. To be entirely consistent we should refrain from building irrigation works until agriculture gets a start on the waterless land, so

that there will be existing crops to irrigate. This policy, if persisted in, will forever postpone the improvement of the Missouri and of most of our smaller rivers. It will deprive the interior of the continent of every hope of full industrial development. It will place the Western farmers at a permanent disadvantage compared with the better equipped farmers of other nations. It

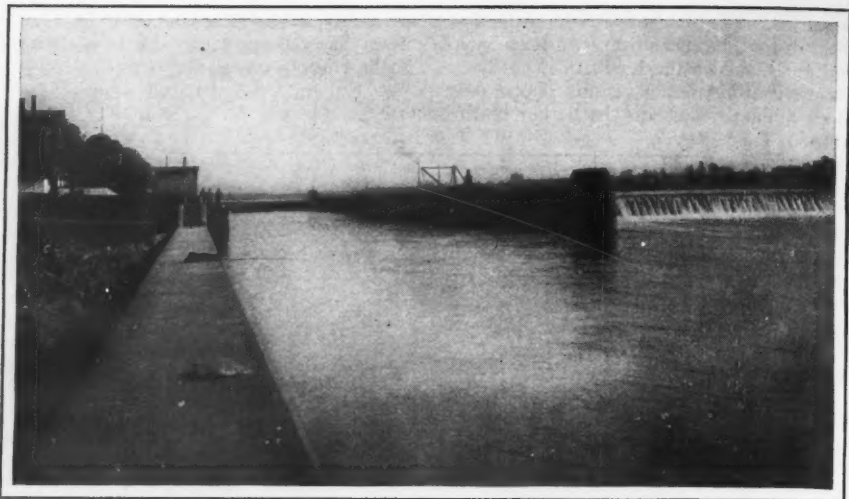
will concentrate the prosperous city life of the nation along the waterways which we now possess. It will render worthless some of the best material assets of the nation.

Take coal, for instance. The lignite beds of Montana and the Dakotas are the greatest coal-measures in this country. The technological branch of the Geological Survey has found that this coal, turned into producer gas, will furnish more power, two to one, than the best anthracite used in a steam-engine. Our coal is being used up at a terrific rate. It is perfectly certain that these great low-grade coal-measures will come into use, that great industrial communities will be founded upon them, and that a great commerce in coal must eventually spring up on the Missouri if the west arm of the Mississippi cross is improved. Millions of tons of anthracite and bituminous coal are yearly shipped into this great Northwest by rail, at ruinous rates. The products of the farms must pay ruinous rates to get to market. From Sioux City, Omaha, St. Joseph, and



SNAGS AND OTHER DEBRIS BEING WASHED INTO THE MISSOURI BY ITS UNRULY CURRENT

By proper current control navigation on the river could be made practicable and safe



COMPLETED LOCK AND MOVABLE DAM ON THE OHIO RIVER

One of a chain that would make a permanent low-water depth of nine feet from Pittsburg to Cairo

Kansas City many train-loads of meat-products are shipped daily. There are eighty thousand barrels of flour ready to go south on the Mississippi every day from Minneapolis. Neither this commerce nor that of the Missouri will follow the rivers until the rivers are made fit to carry it. The railways build new lines knowing that trade will come to them. We must apply to our treatment of the streams a little of the horse-sense that other nations use as to theirs, and that the railways put into their business. The old rule that a stream cannot be made fit for commerce until it has a commerce is a foolish one, and must be abandoned.

Assuming that the great Mississippi cross is to be made into a real modern waterway, we are interested in knowing how deep the waters are now, what the government's plans for them are, and how deep they should be made. We shall not all agree as to the latter phase of the discussion. As to the others, a few words will suffice.

The north arm of the cross—from St. Louis to St. Paul—has no low-water depth worth mentioning. Once in a while a steamer, the survivor of a great commerce, goes up or down. The river goes dry at times and in spots, though the rainy season of 1907 kept it seven feet deep all summer. It cannot be depended upon at all. The

government purposes to make it six feet deep, but will no doubt finally decide to hold back the flood-waters in reservoirs, let them out during low water, and make the river nine feet deep—selling enough power from the dams to pay for it. That this should be done, I have no doubt.

There is no commerce on the west arm—the Missouri—except in isolated reaches on the upper river, and between Kansas City and St. Louis. It is a bad river, wandering about, tearing its banks to pieces, making snags of the trees, destroying the richest farms. The banks have to be revetted, so as to hold the channel in place. The Missouri River Commission once reported that a depth of twelve feet is attainable in the channel by such means. In its immensely long course its characteristics are fairly uniform, and it can be navigated to Great Falls. Six feet of depth would make it one of the world's greatest waterways if its shipping could be protected from railway attacks.

The Ohio is now six feet deep except at low water; and the government has a project for establishing that depth by a slack-watering system of nearly fifty dams, the whole improvement to cost about fifty-one million dollars. The commerce is now enormous, mostly in coal and iron. Great tows of steel barges are steered down by the most powerful tow-

boats in the world, giving New Orleans coal at rates that are wonderful, considering the distance. There is a demand for the modification of the lock-and-dam project, so as to produce nine feet, and it looks like a good business proposition. The logic of necessity is in its favor. There is a reservoir plan for the Ohio, too, of which I shall speak presently.

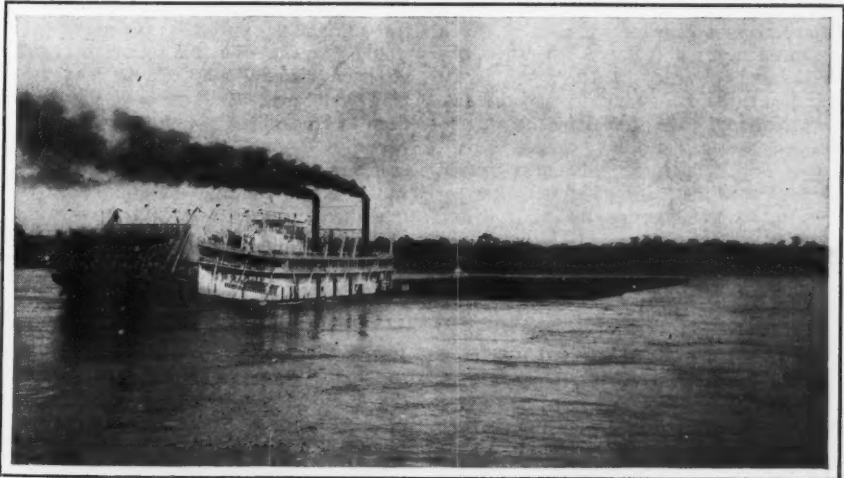
The south arm of the cross is most important, for it is the outlet for all the others and the nexus which is to join the immense commerce of the Great Lakes, which is carried on along open-sea lines, with the trade of the great salt ocean. The immensity of this trade is shown by the fact that Duluth is the second or third port in the world. The traffic in the Detroit River exceeds our entire foreign commerce. The ships for this trade are built in the most flourishing shipyards in America, which could compete with any yards in the world if their output could be got into the ocean. The south arm of the Mississippi cross will be a passage through which American ships will again appear on the seas.

The channel from Chicago is thus more than an outlet for Lake commerce. It is a thoroughfare from sea to sea. It is our portion of the great continental channel, the northern outlet of which belongs to Canada,

and which slices off the eastern third of the continent by a three-thousand-mile body of water which begins at Quebec and ends at Port Eads. Through this great cut-off the interior trade of the continent will seek the sea; and if we do not make our end of it equal to the Canadian end we shall allow ourselves to be degraded to our position before Jefferson bought Louisiana; that is, the outlet deep enough to command the trade will pass through alien territory, and our commerce will be at the mercy of a foreign government. If we held the best outlet our shipping would demand advantages over that of Canada, and would get them. To think that Canada will do less for her industries is childish.

This peril is upon us. We have heard of the Georgian Bay Ship-Canal from time to time, but our Canadian friends have been prone to pass the matter off as visionary. But the Georgian Bay Ship-Canal, running out through French River, Lake Nipissing, by canal to the Ottawa River, and thence to Montreal, is to be built. It cuts in half the distance from Lake Huron to Montreal, and it is to be twenty-two feet deep, so as to allow the largest Lake ships to go from Lake ports to Europe.

If we make the Mississippi fourteen feet deep only it cannot compete with this route.



TOWBOAT "SPRAGUE" TOWING 44,000 TONS OF COAL FROM PITTSBURG TO NEW ORLEANS
AT A COST OF ONE-THIRD OF A MILL PER TON PER MILE

With six feet of depth such a boat could force great tows up the Missouri River
faster than freight-cars go by railway

The Great Cross of Waterways

The new Erie Canal cannot do so. On both the Erie and the fourteen-foot-deep Mississippi cargoes will have to be unloaded when leaving the Lakes, reloaded into barges, unloaded at tide-water, and reloaded into ocean-going ships. Lake boats fit for ocean traffic will go from Fort William, Port Arthur, and other Canadian ports straight to Liverpool, by the Georgian Bay route, saving all this breaking of bulk. It is impossible to doubt that they will do this. They are among the largest freight-boats afloat. And they could break bulk at Montreal and still save half the handling we should have to do. Such an advantage amounts to an exclusive franchise to trade in the Lakes.

There are other considerations. We are in the game of world-politics, with its Philippine possessions, Monroe doctrines, Anglo-Japanese alliances, and the like. War with Great Britain would be the most monstrous crime of the ages; but who shall say that it is impossible? Leaving this to the reader, I merely beg to suggest that when the Georgian Bay Ship-Canal is opened Great Britain will have the whole Lake seaboard absolutely at her mercy by a perfectly easy naval invasion of the Lakes from the St. Lawrence, and could pulverize with gunfire such cities as Chicago, Buffalo, and Cleveland without our being able to lift a hand or fire a gun in our own defense. We have agreed with England that neither of us shall build war-ships on the Lakes—a beneficent agreement which we should never abrogate. But when this new channel is opened the treaty will be no hindrance to British operations save for two days' steaming. We shall have no way to meet her moves, since a navy cannot be built in two days. Such an advantage would mean defeat for us. If we had to choose between the Monroe doctrine, for instance, and hostilities on the Lakes, which would we choose? The situation is one which would render any great diplomatic crisis most disadvantageous for us.

Commercial strategy and military strategy require the same move on our part. We must meet the twenty-two-foot Canadian project with a twenty-two-foot Mississippi. From a military point of view what has already been said seems sufficient. Commercially, I shall quote Mr. James J. Hill, who has said again and again that fourteen feet in the Mississippi is not enough, that fifteen feet is essential, that eighteen feet is twice as good as fifteen, and that there should be twenty.

"Fourteen feet through the valley" is all the Lakes-to-the-Gulf Deep-Waterway Association dares ask for. But this is altogether by reason of the niggardliness of Congress. Twenty-two feet would cost more than fourteen—millions and millions more; but that twenty-two feet can be attained by modern engineering, and at a cost entirely within our ability to pay, there is no doubt. The Drainage Canal is twenty-five feet deep to Joliet; and the feasibility of producing any desired depth from Chicago to St. Louis is no longer open to dispute. From St. Louis to Cairo there is a steep slope, and the engineers have not been able to show how to attain more than sixteen feet without canalizing. The depth of a canal could be made whatever might be desired. Below Cairo, and above the mouth of the Red River, resort must be had to dredging and the control of headwaters by reservoirs.

The plans of the Geological Survey for preventing low water in the Mississippi below Cairo, for getting rid of most of the dams and locks in the Ohio, for redeeming dozens of streams on both slopes of the Appalachians, are too complex to be described here. They are an inherent part of the program of the Appalachian Forest bill which was killed at the last session of Congress. Suffice it to say that reservoirs have been laid out for the holding back of the destructive floods in the Ohio and the Tennessee, and the saving up for navigation purposes of water which would give the Ohio ten feet of depth with an open channel most of the way. This plan would make the Tennessee thirteen feet deep to Knoxville through any ordinary dry period, and would pour into the Mississippi at Cairo a flood which, reenforced by the water which Chicago must be allowed to take from Lake Michigan through her Drainage Canal, and by the present and projected reservoirs in Minnesota and Wisconsin, would make the Mississippi a fit instrument for the important task of protecting and preserving our merchant marine on the Lakes, of keeping us on that equality with the rest of the world as to our own seaboard that national honor and safety require, and of opening the way for our Lake marine to ply the salt seas and earn dividends during the months when the Lakes are frozen. And the best feature of the reservoir system—anywhere except in Congress—is that the water-power developed at the reservoir dams, if sold at twenty dollars a horse-power-year,

would pay for the reservoirs, for the forest purchase, for the improvement of the great Mississippi cross, and for the rehabilitation of every stream and the construction of every canal for which there is any public demand.

There are ship-owners who declare that the big Lake vessels would not use such a channel as I have described, owing to the danger of going aground in the tortuous river channel. The steering-gear of the ocean or lake boat is not adapted to the combined uses. But steering-gears can be remodeled and strengthened. Ships are always under the necessity of adapting themselves to great new lines of business. The "Soo" canal transformed the type of vessel for the Lakes. The Suez Canal did the same for the ships of the Oriental trade. The Canadians have no doubt, so far as well-informed circles are concerned, that the Lake commerce will pass out through the Georgian Bay Ship-Canal,

and that it will make them masters of the Lakes in every respect, navally and commercially.

It is perfectly true that this article takes advanced ground on the subject of the depths needed in these two immense crossed lines of rivers; but it is written in perfect confidence that nothing less will redeem the interior of the continent from what Mr. Cooley calls "the blight of continental distances," and enable our farmers to compete on equal terms with the rest of the world. It is the everlasting glory of our railway system that it has served a remote interior better than regions so situated have ever been served by transportation agencies in the history of the world. But they have reached their limit of carrying power. Their interests, as well as those of the cities and farms of the great rich hinterland of North America, demand the development to their utmost usefulness of our magnificent waterway lines.



COTTON AWAITING SHIPMENT IN A TEXAS TOWN

An incredible amount of perishable material—cotton, corn, and wheat—is destroyed every year in the South and West because the railways cannot handle it with despatch.

A proper waterway system would enable this low-class freight to be promptly carried, and allow the railways to handle high-class freight

The Gentle Art of Fletcherizing

By Elbert Hubbard

TREATING FOODS AS NATURE INTENDED THEY SHOULD BE
TREATED BRINGS WONDERFUL RESULTS IN THE IMPROVEMENT
OF HEALTH AND A GREAT SAVING IN THE COST OF LIVING

Introductory Note on the Recent Progress of Fletcherism

By Horace Fletcher

THE request of the editor of the COSMOPOLITAN to write a few introductory words to an article by Elbert Hubbard on my especial subject comes to me just as I am leaving for my suburban home in Venice, Italy; and, as is the case with many other New York commuters, I am in somewhat of a hurry.

Mr. Hubbard has published two important treatises on the subject I am especially interested in, and has made occasional references to the subject in general. No one has shown more familiarity with the gist of the matter; and, of course, no one can express views more clearly or forcefully than he. Hence I welcome elucidation by so trenchant a pen of the virtues of treating foods as nature intended they should be treated.

You ask me to give a brief statement of how our propaganda in behalf of a physiologically economic nutrition is progressing. The interest in it has increased in geometric ratio, until at the present time it amounts to quite a tidal wave of reform, which has extended over the world, as far as I have any information.

Doctor Hindhede's treatise on our subject has gone through several editions in Denmark, and the German translation has begun to multiply its editions, I am told. When I was on the Continent the other day I heard of the interest excited by Doctor Hindhede's book in many parts of southeastern Europe.

The Italian translation of my own book, "The A B-Z of Our Own Nutrition," has met with distinguished attention and favor. Within six weeks of its issue I received press clippings from one hundred and forty-two Italian newspapers, averaging a full column of space, and showing keen insight into the far-reaching economies possible to be derived from careful ingestion of food.

In our own country, and in England, the practice of clean and careful eating has progressed to such an enormous extent that the estimate that has been published, to the effect that more than two hundred thousand families are saving from one dollar a day upward, is not extravagant.

Prof. Irving Fisher's large experiment at Yale showed an average increase of endurance of nearly or quite fifty per cent. as the result of what is commonly called "fletcherizing," meaning, as Professor Fisher defined it, both mechanical and psychical care in regard to taking food. Further endurance tests conducted on a large scale among a large number of test-subjects show that careful and sanitary eating results invariably in a saving of at least a third to a half in the cost of food, an increase of quite fifty per cent. in muscular endurance, immunity from the common

sicknesses, and cure of desire for alcoholic stimulants in excess. A higher general morality follows a justly economic nutrition as a natural sequence.

Reports from the West Point Military Academy, from the International Young Men's Christian Association Training College, Springfield, Massachusetts, and from many other centers of education, confirm the Fisher findings in general; while, literally, thousands of letters from private correspondents affirm like results as the general experience of practisers of decent eating.

My own experience includes a fifteen months' trip to the Orient, with tastes of both tropical jungle and Himalayan blizzards, varieties of foods that would frighten to death a prescription dietarian, violent differences of climate, and considerable other stress, with no discomfort whatever to the average health conditions.



THE gentle art of fletcherizing is as free from danger as is the reckless use of the warm pediluvium. Its only disadvantage is that no one can successfully do the work for you; in its exercise you cannot employ cheap labor. It is so simple that it makes the learned laugh. When it is explained everybody says, "We always knew it." It is not patented, nor covered by caveat. We can fletcherize and hoot Fletcher; we can follow his ideas and sneeze on mention of his name, although, as a matter of psychology, I would advise anyone who wants to get the most out of Fletcherism to think well of Fletcher—and everybody.

Fletcherism is the education of the physical sense of taste.

How can I exercise my sense of taste?

In one way only—by tasting. When you eat, take small mouthfuls and taste your food—taste, taste, taste. Hold your food in your mouth, and taste it. Masticate it, chew it, munch it, even though it be milk. Keep tasting it until all taste disappears, and when this happens the food will disappear of itself by involuntary swallowing.

Nature's plan is that the first step of digestion shall occur in the mouth. The saliva is a chemical production, and you cannot safely omit it. Saliva changes starch into sugar. Food not masticated—that is, not perfectly mixed with saliva—putrefies and throws off noxious gas.

Most people are human sewers. They eat hurriedly and swallow with conscious effort, which means that they bolt their food and leave it to the thirty-two feet of alimentary canal to care for. They thus carry with them constantly decaying masses of refuse that leave them fifty per cent. sick. The real wonder is that they live at all. Eczema, gout,

headache, pimples, boils, bad breath, that foggy feeling, these are all symptoms of food-poisoning.

Nature supplies an unfailing guide to quality and quantity. This guide is the sense of taste. Where you taste everything you eat, holding it in your mouth and masticating it until the sense of taste is gone, you will never eat too much, nor will you eat the wrong thing.

Meat that is "igh" you can bolt as does the buzzard, but nature will forbid your holding it in your mouth and there reducing it to a fluid. Your glands will refuse to supply saliva for it, and it will be spewed like false doctrine. Ptomaine poisoning could not occur if every morsel of food were held in the mouth and chewed for ten seconds.

Man enjoys the supreme privilege of being able to put an enemy in his mouth to steal away his brains. He can eat the wrong thing—the wild ass of the desert never does. Man enjoys the distinction of being, of all the animals, the only one that resorts to suicide. He is often on such bad terms with life that he runs away from it; in him the elements are not well mixed.

That which tastes right, and to which the salivary glands respond, is good for food and will agree with you: that which makes you close your eyes and work your swallowing-apparatus hard—all that which has to be washed down or that requires a "chaser"—is going to tax your vitality thirty per cent. ad valorem and eventually take your body for pay.

WHAT FLETCHERISM MEANS

Fletcherism does not mean that you shall diet, nor painstakingly select and analyze. It means eat anything you like, but chew it until it is swallowed automatically. Enjoy it—that is the idea. Eat like an epicure who lives to eat: this is the kind of eating that will make you live.

The Gentle Art of Fletcherizing

To masticate the morsel, holding it in your mouth until it is fluid, means that you will cut down the quantity of your food about one-half. Sip your coffee and chew it, and you will never drink two cups. Probably you will be satisfied with less than one cup. One egg will satisfy you, where before it required two. And as for meat, a gradual dislike for the flesh of dead animals will come stealing over your senses. Cannibals, I am told, always bolt their missionary.

Fletcherism implies the calm, quiet, deliberate enjoyment of your food. Things you cannot enjoy you will not eat. Nature will take care of you. Trust her! Eat to enjoy your food and for no other reason. When you cannot enjoy your food do not eat. Trust your desires. If you have no appetite it means that your system demands a rest. Have faith. You are a part of nature and are very dear to her; she will not desert you.

The age is ripe for Fletcherism, for we no longer believe that nature is a trickster, luring us on into sin and wrong to work our ruin. Through the belief that nature was opposed to God, men once turned from the enjoyment of the senses as base. We first replaced nature with religion, and then we introduced a strange composite thing, born of one parent, the intellect, and we call it civilization. It has been reserved for Horace Fletcher to show us that nature and civilization are not wholly incompatible.

Civilization has well-nigh deprived us of physical courage by appointing specialists with night-sticks and hurry-up wagons to protect us, instead of allowing us to protect ourselves.

Our search for knowledge has made us myopic, so we grope instead of seeing.

A very commonplace yellow dog has a better sense of smell than the best man.

The sense of taste in many people is almost rudimentary. And down in Philadelphia a doctor has discovered a new disease for which he prophesies great things. He calls it "the telephone ear," and he has a private hospital where he operates on the affected.

There have been those who said that the man of the future would be bald, blind, deaf, and devoid of the sense of smell and taste. *Sans* eyes, *sans* ears, *sans* taste, *sans* everything! However, we are not alarmed, for before this dread condition comes people will cease to reproduce. The argument of Malthus, that, if the rate of increase kept on, in

the year 2000 mankind would be standing on each other three deep, has no terrors, for we know that long before men stand on each other's heads they will cease to breed. Starving people do not fall in love.

"USE YOUR SENSES RATIONALLY"

Horace Fletcher says, "Use your senses, and use them rationally, if you would keep them." There is only one sense, really, and that is feeling. Seeing, hearing, smelling, tasting are all variations of the sense of feeling. See, hear, smell, taste—enjoy.

Mr. Fletcher especially believes that through the disuse of our sense of taste we have acquired abnormal appetites, vicious desires, false taste, and that the only way to get back to nature is to chew, masticate, munch everything we eat. To do this, to practise Fletcherism, you do not have to send for Fletcher. You do not even have to get his consent or remit him for the right to use his ideas. All you have to do is taste, taste, taste, and chew, munch, and masticate.

Great is Horace Fletcher, for he has told us things we always knew, but which we never knew we knew until he told us.

Sir Frederick Treves has recently written: "After a general medical practice of forty years I now give it as my opinion that appendicitis is simply one result of excess in eating, coupled with imperfect mastication. To avoid this disease, and various others, is better than to have them and then resort to drugs, and later to the knife."

Healthy people taste their food before they swallow it; others taste it afterward. "Taste your food," says Horace Fletcher. This is his battle-cry. In order to taste you have to masticate.

In some respects Horace Fletcher is the sanest man in America. He is a rich man. He is a successful man in all practical affairs. He has traveled to every corner of the world where hardy and heroic white men can go. In fact, I believe he is the world's greatest traveler since Sir Richard Burton went on his long journey. As a biologist, he has very few living peers. His statements are safe, conservative, and the fruit of long study, careful observation, and patient experiment. The excellence of his philosophy is so apparent that no one can argue it down, and anyone can prove it for himself. No apparatus is required, and no special preparation or environment is demanded. You experiment on yourself, and the results do not have to



*Drawn by William Oberhardt
from a photograph by Paul Fournier*

HORACE FLETCHER

be ascertained by interrogation, inference, or assumption.

WHO ARE THE DIETETIC SINNERS?

Please bear in mind that the greatest dietetic sinners are not the poor and ignorant, but the so-called educated class. We all realize the dangers from strong drink, but strong meat that sets up its ferment after it is eaten is quite as bad as the product of the grain, which is fermented first and swallowed afterward.

The craving for stimulants is a disease, and never goes with dietetic righteousness. It is a sure sign of an improperly nourished body. Crime follows malnutrition, as night does the day. Irritability, stupidity, touchiness are some of the results of food-poisoning. The criminal is a sick man.

Try to sip your Martini, fletcherize it, hold it in your mouth and taste, taste, taste it, and you are a hero if you can empty the glass. Nature rebels after two or three very little sips, and it tastes like kerosene.

Nature knows. Trust her!

"The first requisite in education is to be a good animal," said Herbert Spencer, and the fact that Herbert Spencer wasn't need not weigh in the scale against his dictum. To a certain degree his magnificent feats of brain were attained by throwing overboard God's gift of sleep, and ignoring the lawful claims of digestion. He drew drafts on the Bank of Futurity and had to pay them in pain.

Could Spencer have reached the highest heaven of crystallized sanity without the sacrifice of health? Horace Fletcher says, "Yes, and more."

Every great captain in life's procession carries the flag a certain distance to the front, and there he plants it. The task of carrying it still farther forward belongs to another. The fact that Fletcher has forced the scientific men of the pedagogic world to accept as simple truth his statement that "the basic elements of education must be physiological" marks an epoch in humanity's climb. He has planted the flag of dietetic righteousness farther to the front than any man who has lived for two thousand three hundred years.

GREAT DECREASE IN COST OF FOOD-SUPPLY

The method of complete mastication of all food exercises the sense of taste, just as wise men exercise the brain, or the muscles of the body, or the lungs. This exercise of the sense of taste means, what? I'll tell you. But first let me say that the estimate I will give is fair, safe, conservative, and carefully considered. The figures you can prove for yourself by practising this plan, and on this scheme there is no copyright. These figures have been proved by Prof. Henry Pickering Bowditch of Harvard, Prof. William James of Harvard, Prof. Russell H. Chittenden, director of the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale, and Prof. W. G. Anderson, physical director of Yale, through experiments carried on with microscopic care.

Here is the estimate: The average American family, by following the Fletcher methods, can decrease the cost of its food-supply twenty, per cent. and increase its mental and physical effectiveness thirty per cent. Figure that out in dollars with a population of eighty million people, and see the saving!

Classes of, say, a dozen volunteer young men were taken at Yale, and also at West Point, and with no change of diet were simply told to fletcherize. Forty minutes instead of twenty were taken for each meal. The physical work of each was gradually increased, also the class lessons, and the result in all cases was a decrease in cost of living and an increased brain and brawn. More than this, all traces of "sour stomach," bad breath, headaches, and indisposition disappeared.

Needless to say, the young men knew what they were doing, were heartily in sympathy with Mr. Fletcher, and honestly carried out the methods that he advocated. As for results, they could not be faked. You can't pretend a ten-mile walk, a five-mile row, two hours' passing of the medicine-ball; and as for faking a hundred lines of Vergil or a few

stiff problems in Euclid, it is positively out of the question.

These men cut down their food-supply and increased their endurance. Between fifty and fifty-eight years of age Horace Fletcher cut down his weight sixty pounds and doubled his capacity for work.

Two thousand years ago a man said, "A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another." It really was not a new plan, although it was new to the people who heard it. They smiled—they had always known it. In fact, they claimed to practise it. Even the men who killed him considered themselves very much superior to him in intellect and in moral worth. The methods of life he advocated were so simple they were silly. Away with him!

The name of Horace Fletcher to many has been a pleasantry, his plan of life a joke. But now come such men as Superintendent Maxwell, Dr. George Vincent, Dr. G. Stanley Hall, Prof. John Dewey, and say, "Fletcher is right; the basis of all education should be physiological."

SIMPLICITY OF THE FLETCHER PLAN

The Fletcher plan is simply to taste your food. And to taste your food you have to chew it—even soup. Taste is a chemical matter and requires a little time. Until the saliva gets well mixed with your food you do not taste it. So sip, taste, taste, and taste it again. Taste, chew, and masticate! Bring will to bear, and dietetic righteousness will soon become a habit.

In these tests just noted the young men in the class were not on a restricted diet. They ate what they chose. But before the end of three days it was found that the quantity they ate was much reduced. Most of them refused meat at breakfast, then eggs. A dish of cereal, fruit, or berries, a little dry toast, and one small cup of coffee fully sufficed. This they enjoyed, and their appetites were fully satisfied. They could not eat more without almost revulsion. They were fed, and they were satisfied.

This method of eating never means either malnutrition or food-poisoning. Bad breath, flatulence, drowsiness in the daytime, wakefulness at night, that tired feeling, all mean food-poisoning. Resort to drugs for relief, and continue to gulp, guzzle, and bolt your food, turning to the doctors now and then in time of trouble, and they soon look serious and call it nervous prostration, Bright's disease,

inflammatory rheumatism, or neuritis, and the undertaker begins to take a personal interest in you.

VERY FEW DEATHS ARE NATURAL

Very, very few deaths are natural. Men die because a part gives out, and, unlike a plow or a reaper, you can't replace the part. The next best thing when you have a hot box, or get short-circuited, is to scud for the surgeon. He cuts into you, removes the offender, and you go on through life with one cylinder, somewhat proud of it, mentioning the fact to neighbors and marveling that you run at all with one kidney and no appendix.

That we are all supplied with automatic self-stokers I am fully convinced. Again I say, taste is the test. But to taste you have to masticate. It takes a little time, but it saves temper, later.

Dr. W. P. Spratling, the eminent neurologist, told me that without exception epileptics are gormands who through disuse have lost the sense of taste; and in his belief the malady takes the form of an explosion in an effort by nature to eliminate a toxin which has been evolved through malnutrition.

WE ALL EAT TOO MUCH

In the best modern hotels the bar is modestly referred to as a "buffet." It is usually hidden away in some obscure corner of the nether region. The men who patronize it are always apologetic, sometimes apoplectic, and usually try to hide the odor of their lack of sanctity with sen-sen or coffee-grains, or by sundry devices more or less innocent, but always obvious.

To use strong drink is always a disgrace. Intemperance in eating should be.

Drink is not the only enemy you can put in your mouth to steal away your brains. Excess baggage in the way of a decaying food-supply stored in your hold will work the rob-

bery just as well. Senility is caused by toxins in the blood; the brain is improperly nourished and goes a sad, bad way of its own, unmindful of the rudder, landing on the rocks of Doctor's Cove, and they send you to the operating-room in a breeches-buoy, there to remove your pocketbook.

In order to be acceptable to society and the people who have to live with us, we should avoid transforming ourselves into a garbage-barge. A bad breath means bad thoughts—for those who have to endure it, at least.

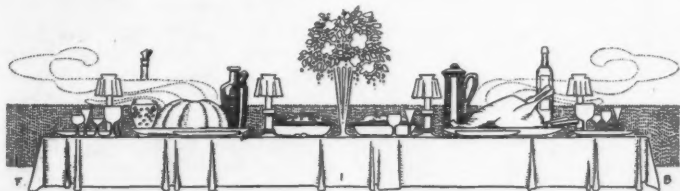
Much insanity can be traced directly to contamination of the well of English manhood undefiled.

The engine works, the wheels revolve, but the screw is befouled with a hawser, and the pilot is drunk at his post. Ruin in high heels laughs a hysterical cry like the wail of a Keener drunk on pepper-sauce. And, par-di, your soul is awash on a sea of bilge.

Appendicitis is a direct result of dietetic sin, as Sir Frederick Treves avers. Impaction always precedes intestinal inflammation. This condition cannot possibly occur with a person who does not violate nature's laws. The man who properly masticates cannot eat any more food than nature easily takes care of. To fletcherize and yet take drugs would be an anomaly, a paradox, and a contradiction.

In order to eat twenty-five per cent. more food than you need you have to bolt it. And if you are in the habit of bolting, you will swallow twenty-five per cent. more than you need, and telephone in hysterical falsetto for a physician to grant you absolution.

If we fletcherize, things always taste like those mother used to make. With Mother Nature we are happy and content; and when twilight gathers, and for us the day is done, she will hold us in her loving arms and croon us a lullaby as care casts anchor in the harbor of a dream.

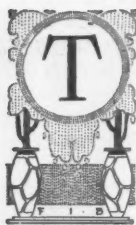


The Song and the Man

By Johnston McCulley

Illustrated by F. B. Masters

I



IS da song of dees country," said Mucia. "We mus' learn-a to sing."

He stood in the aisle of a colonist-car. About him were half a hundred of his countrymen. Most of them still wore their bright-colored kerchiefs, and had rings in their ears. At the end of the vestibule stood Cosetti, a sneer upon his lips. But Mucia did not see.

"'Tis da song of dees country," he repeated. "I had-a it from a countryman before we left da New York."

"Give-a us da song!" they cried. "Give-a us da song!"

Mucia glanced through the car window at the miles of Montana slipping by. It had been a long journey, but every hour had been filled with wonder. An agent had met them at the dock with promises of a season's work at good wages and at small expense. He had given them food and had furnished them transportation to the place where they were to labor. The agent was Cosetti. Now he stood at the door of the car like a soldier on guard, refusing to let any off at a station. It was dangerous, he said; they might be left behind. And in their happiness at work so easily obtained and in a free journey of sight-seeing the men had failed to decipher Cosetti's sneer. They saw none but Mucia, who had been their leader and spokesman on sea and land, as he stood before them, glancing from the window.

"Da song!" they cried again. "Give-a us da song!"

And Mucia, turning from the window, gave it in his own way, with many faults of music and words, but with deep feeling. He struggled through a verse, and at the end they crowded around him, begging him to sing again.

"It es da song of dees country," Mucia said again, when he had done. "It es our song. We mus' learn to sing-a it well."

The next morning they were at the camp, a jumble of huts beside a rocky butte, where steam-shovels were throwing aside the dirt, and where men worked at the grade like so many ants about a hill. The newcomers were quartered together and apart from the others, in a series of shacks near the track. Under the direction of overseers who spoke their tongue they began to labor, toiling hard in the hot sun, yet with happy hearts.

And in the evenings, after they had eaten their portion of food, they sat about the fires made from piles of old ties, and talked of many things in the old country and the new, but principally in the new. At such times Mucia, the leader of the group, taught them the song. Cosetti, sitting at his desk in the office-car, heard them, and smiled like the demon that he was.

"They are brainless cattle," he told MacGuire, the foreman.

"They're of your race," MacGuire replied. He had never liked Cosetti.

"I have brains," said Cosetti, thumping the table with his fist. "That's why I am here. I get two dollars for every man I bring to the camp. That's the premium, MacGuire, because men are scarce. No one can go to New York and get these green Italians when they land—no one except myself. And after I get them here——"

"After you get them here——" began MacGuire. Then he thought better of it, got upon his feet, and left the car, to walk down the track toward the distant bunk-houses. Cosetti remained behind; he was busy with his reports.

MacGuire turned the curve in the road that led to the first cut. Before the bunk-houses the camp-fires burned brightly, and around them were clustered the laborers. MacGuire could see Mucia towering above the others, waving his arms to beat time, and



HE WATCHED THE EAGER FACES AS THE MEN BENT FORWARD TO
CATCH THE WORDS FROM MUCIA'S LIPS

through the gloom came the song, broken, straggling, discordant, but still the song,

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty—

"They sing it well," muttered MacGuire, as he stopped to listen. "They sing it very well for the time they have been here."

He glanced back toward Cosetti's office-car, and then walked on. At the nearest fire men were still eating their poor meal. Shovels and picks were scattered about. Broken scrapers were piled high in a scrap-heap. To one side of the track the horses and mules were picketed, eating their fill of clean hay. The horses, MacGuire reflected, were better cared for than the men. It was profitable and easy for Cosetti to get more men; it was not so profitable nor so easy to furnish horses.

MacGuire noticed, as he walked along, that some of the men saluted him humbly. He smiled kindly, and waved his hand now and then, but continued down the track. He could speak but little Italian; they could speak no English. They realized, dumbly, that he was a superior officer, a bigger link

than they in the chain woven by a corporation's gold.

As he approached the fire where Mucia stood before the crowd singing, he walked more slowly. There was something wonderful in the sight, something almost uncanny. It was like a war-song of barbarians. He watched the eager faces as the men bent forward to catch the words from Mucia's lips. In the reflection from the fire they glowed with intense interest, an interest that approached fanaticism. It was as though emotions were depicted: MacGuire believed he could actually see these men learning to love their new country.

He stood for some time unobserved. Then Mucia, at the end of a verse, looked up and saw him, and stepped through the crowd to greet him with outstretched hands.

"Dey sing," he said happily. "I mysel' have taught-a dem. Have a little patience, my foreman, an' dey will sing-a better. 'Tis da song of dees country."

"They sing it well," remarked MacGuire.

"If you will-a stop an' listen—" began

The Song and the Man

Mucia. He rushed back through the crowd and mounted a scraper. Then he turned to the men, his face glowing.

"Sing-a it again! Sing-a it well!" he cried. "Da Mr. Foreman MacGuire es to a-listen. Sing-a it like-a you love dees gran' country. Sing-a it like-a you feel like-a free men. Sing-a it."

His arms waved through the air, and he started the song. The men took it up, their faces turned away from MacGuire and toward Mucia. The foreman stood on the track, his arms folded, watching, listening. When it was done Mucia ran through the crowd once more.

"You like-a it?" he asked MacGuire.

"They sing it well," replied the foreman. Then he walked back along the track toward Cosetti's office-car. To his ears came the echo of the song,

Sweet land of liberty—

II

"TO-MORROW," said Cosetti to Mucia, "the pay-car comes."

They were standing on the grade. Below them the scrapers worked their way back and forth. Behind them gangs of men were laying ties and spiking down the rails. The superintendent desired to take a work-train to the front as far as possible.

"Da pay-car," repeated Mucia, glancing at Cosetti. "Ah, yes! 'Tis our first pay of da American money. We will-a be rich-rich!"

"What are you going to do with it when you have it?" Cosetti asked.

Mucia looked up again quickly. "You think-a we lose it?" he laughed. "Ah, no! We put-a it away, Cosetti, beneath-a da shirt, next to da skin in a little bag. When we get-a to da town we put-a it in da bank until we use it for to send to Italy. I know, Cosetti. MacGuire tell-a me what to do with-a da money."

"You know too much," said Cosetti, frowning. He turned away to give some directions. Mucia looked at him without understanding. "I tell you—" began Cosetti. Then he stopped and stepped close to Mucia's side. "You come over to the office-car to-night," he said. "Do you understand? I want to tell you a few things. You're boss of this gang, all right. They do about as you want them to, don't they? Well, you come over to the car to-night. Don't you forget."

"I be-a there," replied Mucia, and with his shovel he began tamping the dirt beneath the ties. Cosetti walked away.

In the afternoon MacGuire, returning from headquarters after a talk with the superintendent, met Mucia on the new grade. He saw that good progress had been made at that point during the day. The fill was gradually coming up to the level. Some of the men were singing at their work.

"Dey glad," Mucia explained. "To-morrow es da pay-car, when we get-a da money. It es da first we have earned of da America. It es da—what you call nest-egg. That es why dey-a sing."

"That's right—to-morrow is pay-day," said MacGuire.

"We each have-a twenty-five days," Mucia continued. "That es fifty dollars. Es it not so? That was what Cosetti told us—two dollars for da day. An' to da board goes twenty. That remains thirty, Mr. Foreman MacGuire, of which we need but a few pennies. Soon we will have-a da riches. Then da wives an' da little ones will come from Italy. That es why we are so ver' glad."

"You remember what I told you?" asked MacGuire. "Well, I'll show you how to bank your money as soon as we can get into the town. You keep it safe until then."

"Thank-a you, Mr. Foreman MacGuire," said Mucia respectfully.

"And you just pass the word to the other men to take care of their money until we get a chance to put it away. Will you?"

"I tell-a them," replied Mucia.

"And when you get it at the pay-car be sure you get it yourselves. Don't let anyone else get it for you. And be sure you're getting all that's coming to you. Don't get fooled. You fellows certainly earn all you get."

"I be-a careful," said Mucia, turning to his work.

As MacGuire continued down the grade he saw Cosetti beating a mule. For some time the foreman stood and watched him. "That fellow has a nice disposition," he mused. "I wonder if he will be trying some of his old tricks? He ought to be kicked out of camp."

On every side MacGuire saw beaming faces, saw happiness shining through the perspiration and grime that covered them. The Italians greeted him as he passed. They looked upon him as a sort of god, feeling that he stood nearer than they to the font from which flowed the riches.

He stood on a boulder watching the long

procession of scrapers, seeing the fresh earth turned into the fill, hearing drivers curse and division bosses scream orders. Far ahead there was a blast now and then, as the advance squad made another break in the side of a hill. MacGuire realized, as he watched, that it was like a great machine, every part expected to do its duty. He pitied the simple foreigners, who labored with hound-like tenacity. There the simile of the machine came to an end. In a machine it mattered if the smallest bolt was gone; here it mattered not if the insignificant parts were cast aside. One or two caused no untoward results. Their places were supplied as readily as possible, and in the meantime the machine

worked on just as well, perhaps, as before. Only this machine was composed of parts that possessed hearts and souls, and it was hard for the small parts that were cast aside.

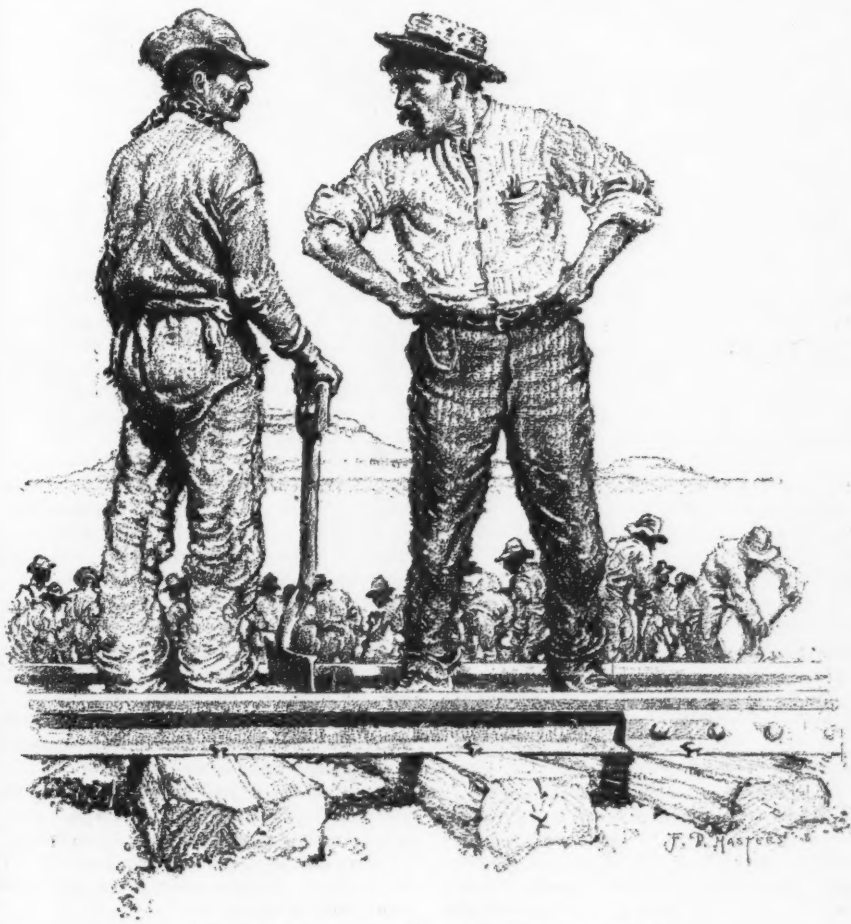
MacGuire stood on the boulder until Cosetti came up beside him. "They're doing well to-day," said he.

"They always do well just before pay-day," said Cosetti, with a sneer. "The cattle want to keep their jobs."

"Well, men are scarce; aren't they?"

"There're plenty more to be had where these came from."

"You must like the idea of changing forces all the time," said MacGuire.



"YOU KNOW TOO MUCH," SAID COSETTI, FROWNING

The Song and the Man

"I don't mind it," replied Cosetti, with insinuation.

MacGuire turned his head and walked away without another word. He went back along the grade, reached the end of the track, and started toward headquarters. Mucia was still tamping earth between the new ties. Down in the gulch the men were chatting happily as they worked. MacGuire could hear bits of song between the whistle blasts of the steam-shovel.

"Dey sing," said Mucia proudly, as MacGuire passed. "Listen, Mr. Foreman MacGuire."

Below him a wheel scraper dug into the loose earth, and the driver started the mules toward the fill. He saw MacGuire and waved a greeting. Then he began to sing. MacGuire could catch the words,

—with freedom's holy light.

"You see!" cried Mucia; "you see!"

III

"WE'LL be through the hill in another week," said MacGuire, "and then, I suppose, we'll have to move up the line a few miles."

"In about a week," Cosetti assented.

They were in the office-car. MacGuire was smoking his after-supper pipe. Cosetti was busy with some papers.

"You're a little late checking up," MacGuire continued. "I finished this afternoon. That's the only bad part about pay-day—you have to figure up other people's wages before you get your own."

"It isn't bad," said Cosetti. He was smiling again.

"No, it isn't—in some cases," insinuated MacGuire.

Outside there were steps on the gravel, and presently the door slid back, and Mucia entered. MacGuire whirled around in his chair, saw who it was, then whirled back quickly and looked at Cosetti. But in

Cosetti's face there was nothing to betray him.

"You tell-a me come to office-car to-night," said Mucia.

"Sit down," Cosetti snapped. "I'll talk to you as soon as I get through here."

He turned to his desk and began fumbling with some papers. Mucia took off his hat and twisted it in his hands. He looked over at MacGuire.

"Dey can sing-a it all now, Mr. Foreman MacGuire," he said. "Dey are proud to sing-a it. For me dey did it, after we had eaten. Dey will-a sing half da night, be-

cause to-morrow da money comes, da first we have had of da America. It es da happy country. An' soon da wives an' da babies can come."

"They like the song, then?" MacGuire asked.

"Love-a it!" replied Mucia. "Es it not da song of dees country?"

"Yes," said MacGuire, "it is the song of the country."

"Of da freedom it speaks, Mr. Foreman MacGuire. It es dat which es enough. It es da grand song!"

"Yes," assented MacGuire.

"It tell-a da story of dees lan'," continued Mucia. His face was shining with joy.

MacGuire remem-

bered the happy faces of the others he had seen in the reflection of the camp-fires. Suddenly he got upon his feet.

"I think I'll be going," he said.

Cosetti turned from the desk. "In a hurry?" he asked.

"I have some reports to get out," said MacGuire. He walked to the door, opened it, and passed into the night.

Cosetti continued to fumble with the papers on his desk as he listened to MacGuire's departing footsteps. Then he turned to Mucia. "You came too soon," he snarled. "You should have waited until MacGuire had gone."

"But——" began Mucia.



MACGUIRE



"DEY WOULD KILL-A ME," SAID MUCIA HOARSELY

"That's all right," interrupted Cosetti. "I forgot you didn't know why I wanted you to come." He turned his chair and looked Mucia in the eyes. "Those men think a great deal of you, don't they?" he asked.

"I try to help-a them," replied Mucia.

"Bah! You do help them, of course. It's because you can speak a little English. Well, they'll do anything you tell them to do, won't they? I thought so." Cosetti paused a while. "Do you want to make some money?" he asked. "I mean, besides what you make every day?"

Mucia's face glowed with pleasure. "You have-a da extra work?" he asked.

"Men don't make money by working," said Cosetti. "You'll be wiser in a year or two. Now, I like you, Mucia. When I came here, ten years ago, I started right where you are starting now. I met another Italian who gave me a chance—just as I am going to give you a chance now. And look at me! I've been here ten years. I can talk English better than most Americans. And I've got some money, you can bet on that. How'd you like to do as well?"

"Of course——" began Mucia.

"Of course you would," cut in Cosetti.

He moved his chair closer and pointed a lean forefinger across the table between them. "How much money do those men down there think they are going to get?" he demanded abruptly.

"Two dollars for da each day," said Mucia. "Twenty-five days, dat es da fifty dollars. Twenty goes for da board."

"You're a fool!" said Cosetti. "The whole pack of you are fools. Who said two dollars a day?"

"You told-a us—in New York."

"Ah!" said Cosetti. "That was in New York. Do you know where you are now? You are in Montana, two hundred miles from a town of two thousand inhabitants, seventy miles from any sort of a town at all. There's nothing out here but dirt and rocks. You haven't any money. No one in the pack of you has enough money to get to the nearest city. You have to eat to live. I'm the man that dishes out the grub. I'm the man that makes out the pay-roll. Understand? You'll get just what I say."

"But you say da two dollars for da each day," protested Mucia.

"It's what I say now that counts. Understand that? It's what I say right now. If I

say one dollar instead of two, what are you going to do about it?"

"You say da two," persisted Mucia.

"And now I say one. You understand that? I say twenty-five dollars instead of fifty."

"But da board! It es twenty of da dollars. We have-a but da five left."

"Isn't that enough? You get your grub, don't you? And you can't spend anything out here if you want to. What do you want money for?"

"To save," cried Mucia. "To bring da wives an' da children."

"To bring— So you've got the fever, too, have you? Well, you just forget it. I say five dollars a month is enough to save. You wouldn't know what to do with it if you had thirty. Now, I'll tell you what's what. You can boss those men down there. They'll do anything you say. You tell them—tell them anything, only let them know that they get one dollar a day instead of two. Tell them it was a mistake. I don't care what you tell them, only fix it up some way. If they howl, say to them that they can't help themselves, tell them they're out here and have to stay or starve to death walking back. They'll take their little dollar and be glad to get it. They ought to be glad they don't have to do with fifty cents. And I'll give you"

—Cosetti lowered his voice and leaned forward across the table—"I'll give you just one hundred dollars a month extra. Does that suit you?"

"What-a you mean?" asked Mucia. "Why you give-a me da hundred? Where you get-a it?"

"I don't suppose you have any sense at all, have you? Well, just listen to this. Men are scarce. You can't make a white man come out here because he can get just as much money and live where it's a little decent. So I have to get newcomers. See? Because men

are so scarce and the road wants them in a hurry, I get two dollars for every man I get. They are listed at two dollars a day. They get one dollar. I get the other dollar. See? The company doesn't care. It gets the work and pays for it, doesn't it? It's my little game. The officers are wise, and they don't care. They tell me to go ahead as long as I keep enough men in camp to rush things. Understand now? I'm the whole thing down here. If you want to work you have to do it at a dollar a day. If you don't you can starve while walking back to the nearest

town. And when you get there you'll probably get jailed. They don't like to have foreigners hanging around."

"Don't like"—Mucia stumbled to his feet—"don't like to have-a foreigners around?" he asked unbelievably. Then he threw out an arm oratorically. "Dees es da free country," he said. "It es da free for all men. Der es no foreigner here."

Cosetti glared at him. "You're a fool," he said. "You'll get over that. I had that, too, when I first came. Well, what do you say?"

"Dey would kill-a me," said Mucia hoarsely.

"I don't see why. They can't help themselves. You can explain that to them. I'd do it myself, only it will be better to have some one

who came with them do it."

"You afraid," said Mucia. "Dey would kill-a you, too."

"I guess you don't know there're a few hundred men camped down the line. They'd pack the whole lot of you out of camp in two hours if they got the word. They don't like you any too well as it is."

"I not understand—" began Mucia.

"I don't care whether you understand or not. Are you going to take the hundred and do as I say? That's what I want to know. Don't you see you can't do anything else?"



"AN' WE THOUGHT DEES DA HAPPY COUNTRY," HE MOANED

"We can," said Mucia. "We can stop-a da work!"

Cosetti sprang to his feet. His face was purple with sudden anger. "Do it!" he screamed. "And if you do, you don't get a cent. I'll report every one of you for breaking tools. I'll tell the paymaster you have caused more damage than the money you've earned would pay for. I'll tell him the company doesn't owe you a cent. And then I'll have you kicked out of camp, and you'll walk fifty miles before you get anywhere, and starve while you're doing it. You'll do just as I say, Mucia."

"We want-a what we earn!" Mucia cried. "We work-a hard. We break-a no tools. We eat not-a much, an' we pay-a da board. It es not fair to cheat us!"

"I don't care whether it is fair or not. That isn't the question. Don't you see what you're up against?"

"I shall tell-a da Mr. Foreman MacGuire," Mucia said.

"He hasn't a thing to say about it," replied Cosetti.

Outside there were steps on the gravel. The door was flung open, and MacGuire entered. "I've got this much to say about it," he said angrily. "I've been listening to you, Cosetti, and I'll say that you treat your own countrymen like dogs. I'll say you are a damned scoundrel, and I'd like to smash your head. You ought to be run out of the country."

"Hard words don't do any good," smiled Cosetti.

"You will help-a us?" cried Mucia, seizing MacGuire by the arm. "You'll help-a us, Mr. Foreman MacGuire?"

"You don't understand, Mucia," said the foreman. "I can't do anything. Cosetti has told you the truth. The company doesn't care. You have to do as Cosetti says or else

walk out of camp and starve. And I wouldn't advise you to do that. Some of the ranchers around this part of the country would kill an Italian on sight. I'm sorry, Mucia, but I can't help you. But I'll promise you this: if ever I get the chance I'll beat in the head of this scoundrel here. And I'm going to get the chance."

"You can't help-a us?" cried Mucia. He stumbled toward the door. "An' we thought dees da happy country," he moaned. "Already we were loving it. We thought da wives an' da little ones could come-a soon, an' we would be happy. We—why, we learn-a da song because it es da song of dees country. Down-a at da camp da men are now singing it. An' I taught-a 'em—I taught-a 'em."

"I know, Mucia," said MacGuire softly.

At the door the Italian turned suddenly. There was rage in his face. "I not take-a da hundred dollars!" he screamed. "I take-a da dollar a day as da others. Your country es a lie; you are a lie, Cosetti. You, MacGuire, are a lie, because you let-a him do it, an' try nothing to stop-a him. An' your song—your song es a lie. An' da wives an' da little ones—dey cannot come. An' der es nothing but-a da hard work an' nothing for da work except bread. You are all a lie. Nothing to hope. An' da wives an' da little ones——" Mucia was sobbing against the door. "Nothing but-a da hard work, nothing to hope," he cried bitterly. "An' da wives an' da little ones——" He threw open the door, turned toward them, the tears streaming down his cheeks, but with eyes blazing. His fists were clenched at his sides. "Lies!" he cried. "All lies!" And then he was gone.

And through the open door there came, from the distance down by the camp-fires, the echo of the song,

—with freedom's holy light.

The Visitant

By Eugene C. Dolson

LIKE to a human form the Past
Came in a dream to me;
Twas my first thought
That he had brought
Lost Opportunity.

Yet when he spake not in reply
To all the words I said,
But shrank from sight
Into the night,
I knew the Past was dead.



Do We Want Unsentimental Plays?

THE LOVE STORY IS ALWAYS THE STORY OF HUMAN NATURE,
AND THE PUBLIC WILL NEVER TIRE OF PLAYS THAT HAVE
LOVE STORIES TOLD WITH REAL AND NOT MOCK SENTIMENT

By Alan Dale



OME peevish pessimist has arisen with the cruel and iconoclastic statement that every conceivable tune has been played, every imaginable plot invented, every possible story told; and there we are, with nothing to do but the old things over and over again, in perpetuity, forever and ever, world without end. It would be a pity to get flippant on so ardently serious a topic, and exclaim, "Ain't it awful, Mabel!" but it is hard to resist the impulse. Pessimists have an odd knack of rubbing one up the wrong way, for healthy-minded people see in their bad case of jaundice nothing but a yellowed outlook.

The particular pessimist in question accounts for the tremendous sums of money lost on recent London theatrical seasons by the fact that the public has grown tired of old stuff done up as new in nearly every theatrical venture. Says he: "It seems to be time for managers and playwrights to begin to consider the question whether they cannot go farther afield and handle themes from which they have held aloof hitherto. Gorgeousness of mounting has ceased to help managers; even the maidens in their teens have grown sophisticated, and jeer at the bread-and-butter love stories; and successful modern French drama offers a much smaller pro-

portion of adaptable plays than used to be the case."

It is urged that this sluggish adherence to old themes has become a mania. Playwrights busy themselves with "new versions." One has a fling at "Camille" and offers it with a heroine who is chaste and does nothing worse than flirt. Somebody else readapts and improves (with modern improvements) "The Bride of Lammermoor"; "Faust" is played with a clean-shaven Mephistopheles of amended manners. But the real trouble, according to our pessimist, lies in the undeniable fact that love, and nothing but love, is at the root of all drama. Perhaps he is quite right in his assertion that a playwright cannot invent a new love story. But he overlooks the fact that there is no indication to show that anybody wants a new love story, or would know what to make of it, if one occurred. And everything goes to prove that plays *without* love stories fail.

It is quite absurd to suggest, as he suggests, that the only hope of managers and playwrights is the unsentimental drama, the drama that excludes the love story from its scheme. He myopically points to the vogue of Mr. George Bernard Shaw, who laughs at sugary sentiment; and he holds up Molière as an instance of the supreme force of satire. He assumes that the theatergoing public is an educated public, in which assumption I venture to disagree with him. The theatergoing public is *not* an educated public, and never will

be. Those whose mental make-up is of a very exalted order do not go to theaters. And if they did there would not be enough of them to make theaters profitable to the speculative gentlemen who deal in them.

There may be no possible new love stories, but there are thousands of old ones, the theme of which is in our blood. We can't get away from it. Theatergoers are divided between the two sexes, each sex thinking perpetually, and quite naturally, of the other. The thoughts of the average human being are largely concerned with love, in some form or other. Do you, my gentle and most feminine readers, ever pass a single day of your lives without some reflection on the other sex? And I ask my sterner and masculine clients whether they can conscientiously and truthfully aver that in their jaunts through a crowded city they ever forget the fact that half the crowd is feminine? The love story is the story of human nature. The pessimist might as well say that we grow tired of looking at the sky, with its chestnut accessories of sun, moon, and stars (always sun, moon, and stars), as that we weary of the persistence of love. Nothing new has been invented for firmamental adornment. Nobody has as yet thought of hanging Chinese lanterns on the clouds or of establishing a blue moon. Optimists still think that the played-out old sky is a mighty nice thing to look at, when you want to look at anything.

Some plays of course, saturated as they are with love sentiment, make one weary. Eternal sugar is nauseating, and even the plaintive fly, addicted too strenuously to molasses, may find a tangled death in its saccharine recesses. It is said that the production of Ibsen's plays has taught the public that there is something more serious for the stage to deal with than episodes that invariably end with "and they were married and lived happily ever afterward."

Could anything be more futile and non-veracious? Ibsen's plays have their place in the theatrical scheme, and are occasionally welcome for the same reason that a dark room is welcome after a prolonged immersion in extreme light. Ibsen dampens our joy, and it is not considered good to be too joyous. Ibsen gives us love in its most morbid form, with a lot of other things that we fail to notice. Ibsen is supposed to teach a good deal more than he really does. As a matter of fact, it is the love story—in its morbid form—that makes even Ibsen endurable. "A Doll's House,"

"Hedda Gabler," and "Rosmersholm" are instances of this. We are interested primarily in the ugly relations between men and women that they set forth. There are other Ibsen plays that have less to do with ugly love stories. These are the Ibsen plays that are rarely acted and never popular.

It is insisted that the new dramatist anxious to get away from love need only look at the career of Mr. Shaw. I venture to believe that Mr. Shaw is a thing of the past. He had queer dramatic food to offer, and he has offered it for more than it is worth. Mr. Shaw discussed politics in "John Bull's Other Island," and we promptly sat upon him. Mr. Shaw prated on economics in "Mrs. Warren's Profession," and when once the bubble of sensationalism had been pricked nobody wanted to see "Mrs. Warren's Profession." It wouldn't draw a corporal's guard to-day. Mr. Shaw dealt with the idiosyncrasies of marriage—surely a very promising theme—in "Getting Married," which I saw a few months ago in London. It was soporific and deadening to the verge of desperation, and was looked at askance even in the British metropolis. But Mr. Shaw made some bluff at a love story in "Candida," "You Never Can Tell," "Arms and the Man," and "Man and Superman," and these were accepted—for good old reasons, not for brand-new ones.

We have had plays that dealt with religion—plays that seemed necessary owing to the stagnation, the inertia, and the secularism of the church—and these may have made some appeal to non-theatergoers. These plays may be likened to the Salvation Army in their principles. They had nothing whatever to do with the real, palpitating drama of everyday life that people known as theatergoers care to see. A series of such plays would drive people to church, in order to see if they couldn't discover there something more human and lively.

It is quite possible to sicken of sloppy love stories, and the public very assuredly does sicken of them. There is nothing more cloying. This is shown in various adaptations of popular novels that deal with topics other than love. When these are staged playwrights inject into them some cheap love incidents that absolutely ruin their artistic value. This was the case in the recent London adaptation of W. J. Locke's delightful novel, "The Beloved Vagabond." As a book this was a success. It had a substratum of love interest

Do We Want Unsentimental Plays?

in it, but was principally admired for its gay and delicious humor. The stage took hold of it and drenched it with sentiment, making of it a thing that was neither "t'other nor which." And "The Belovèd Vagabond" failed, as it deserved to fail.

Most adapted books fail. They are excrescences on the real drama. The adapted book is ransacked merely for its love story, and this is very often feeble and undramatic. Nothing else is used in the play. The "style" of the author cannot be footlighted, of course, but there is no attempt to stage his outlook. All that the adapter does is to pluck from the novel those instances in which he and she occur, and trust to the advertisement that the sale of the book has secured for success. The result is deplorable.

It is said that the works of Mr. Barrie are arguments against the love story. I deny it. Mr. Barrie's most successful play was his "Little Minister," which was a love story pure and simple, not a bit new, but delightful, inspiring, soothing. Mr. Barrie's "Peter Pan" was not a love story, nor did it appeal to adult theatergoers except for the sake of its exquisite interpreter, Maude Adams. I do not believe that "Peter Pan" without Maude Adams would have had more than a fighting chance. Barrie's "Little Mary" and "Alice Sit-by-the-Fire" were wretchedly clever and unhuman.

The pessimist upon whom I have hung these few remarks weakly submits that such Shakespearian plays as "Hamlet," "Macbeth," and "Henry VIII" have succeeded without aggressive love stories. That, of course, is "to laugh." Few people are courageous enough to say what they think of Shakespeare's plays as plays. If we could induce those uncourageous people to wax frank, we should get some astounding revelations. Shakespeare is usually played by the star actor or actress. Who would go to see "Hamlet," "Macbeth," or "Henry VIII" with unknown actors in the cast? And who cares a hang about the "story" of a Shakespearian play? What manager offers Shake-

speare without a vast expenditure in scenery? What star actor ever ventures into Shakespeare without taking great pains to make it as little Shakespeare as possible? And have we ever really seen a Shakespearian play, except in condensed, eliminated, and amended form?

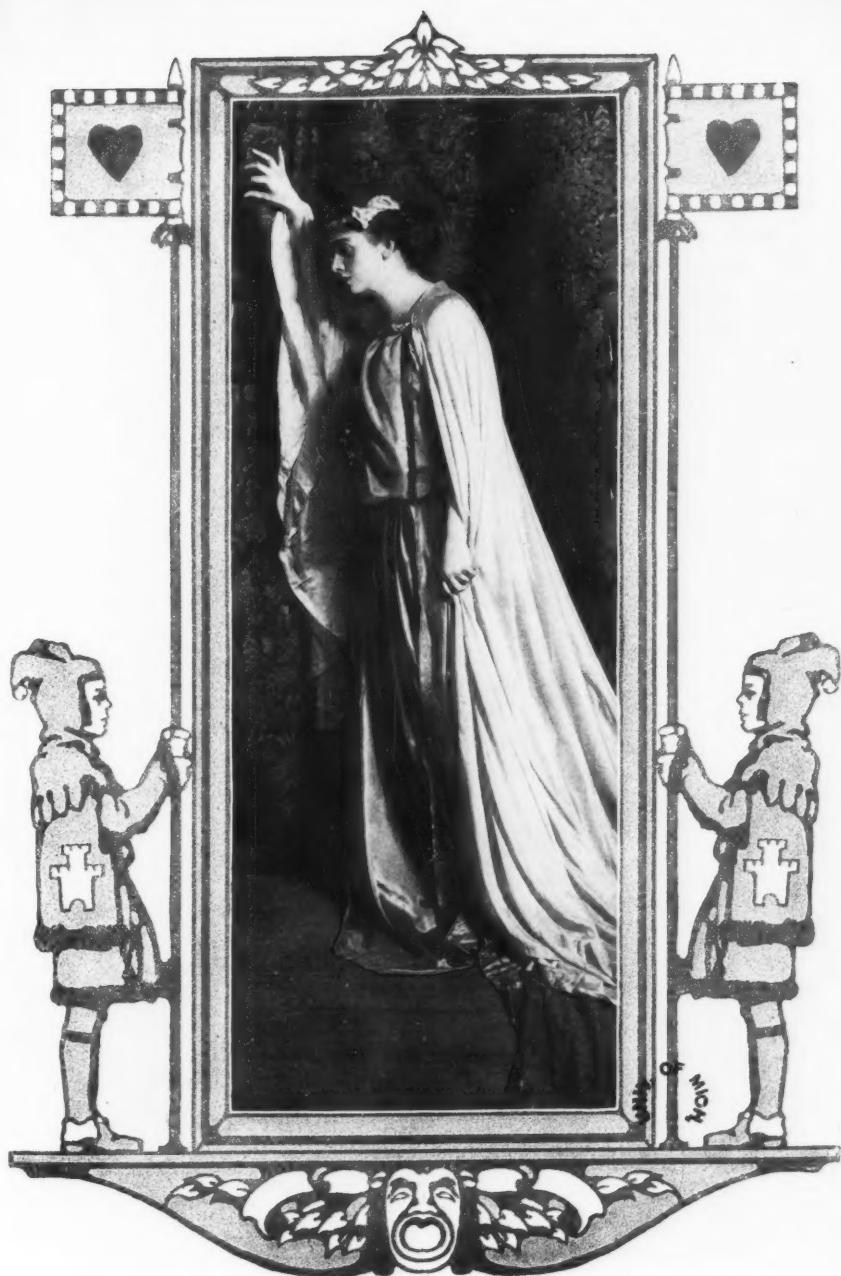
Nevertheless it is the Shakespearian plays that elect to set forth a love story that are the most popular. The public prefers "Romeo and Juliet" to "Hamlet"; the public gets a chance to see "As You Like It" more frequently than it is asked to view "Timon of Athens" or "Titus Andronicus." The really foolish love story in "As You Like It" is one excuse for that pastoral's frequent presentation. The other is the chance that it gives the leading actress to display her limbs in boys' garb.

The public may tire of eternal treacle and mushy love. But it does not tire, and never will tire, of the love story that is told with real and not mock sentiment. Life divested of sentiment is a dreary mechanical affair at best. Why should we go to the theater to see it? The playwright who dramatizes Wall Street or a presidential election may have splendid ideas to offer. He may offer them only if he makes them quite subservient to a certain admixture of love interest. With that admixture he could successfully dramatize a telephone book or the stock-market reports.

It is easy, after watching a series of inane and clumsily unoriginal love stories, to jump to the conclusion that the public is sick of love stories. There is no more fallacious idea. The public is sick of trash. The public is weary of playwrights who write for the sake of writing, and whose noddles do not possess one new idea. But new ideas are always welcome and are invariably hailed with joy. And these are always possible in the treatment of the love story. It is all in the treatment.

The unsentimental play as an occasional "special matinée" attraction may always attract a feeble and desultory interest. The unsentimental play as a permanent institution is a ludicrous impossibility.





MAUDE ADAMS AS VIOLA IN HER NEW PRODUCTION OF "TWELFTH NIGHT"



DOROTHY DORR, LEADING WOMAN WITH EDWIN A. STEVENS, AND SCENE
FROM MOLNAR'S PLAY, "THE DEVIL"



MARY RYAN, WHO WILL STAR THIS SEASON IN WILLIAM GILLETTE'S
LATEST COMEDY "TICEY"



ISABEL IRVING LEADING WOMAN IN PERCY MACKAYE'S NEW PLAY, "MATER"



GRACE MERRITT, WHO IS STARRING IN "WHEN KNIGHTHOOD WAS IN FLOWER"



ELSIE JANIS, WHO APPEARS THIS SEASON IN "THE CO-ED," BY GEORGE ADE
AND GUSTAVE LUDERS



Photograph by Rang.

GERTRUDE HOFFMANN, WHOSE "SALOME" DANCE RECENTLY MADE A
SENSATION IN NEW YORK



GERTRUDE COGLAN AS BETH ELLIOTT. AND SCENE FROM JAMES FORBES'S
NEW COMEDY, "THE TRAVELING SALESMAN"



GRACE ELLISTON, LEADING WOMAN WITH GEORGE ARLISS. AND SCENE FROM
MOLNAR'S PLAY, "THE DEVIL"



ANTOINETTE WALKER AS JENNY IN "THE MUSIC MASTER"



Photograph by Bangs

CECILIA LOFTUS, THE POPULAR COMEDIENNE, NOW PLAYING IN VAUDEVILLE



LILLIAN RUSSELL AND SCENE FROM "WILDFIRE," IN WHICH SHE IS
NOW PLAYING



OLIVE WYNDHAM, LEADING WOMAN, AND SCENE FROM "THE MAN
FROM HOME"



Copyright, 1907, by Frank Scott Clark

ELEANOR ROBSON IN "VERA. THE MEDIUM," A DRAMATIZATION OF RICHARD
HARDING DAVIS'S LATEST BOOK



EVELYN VAUGHAN, LEADING WOMAN WITH RALPH STUART IN W. C. DE MILLE'S
PLAY, "STRONGHEART"



"MARQUIS OF ELLINGHAM!" HE CRIED. "LORD ELLINGHAM, INDEED!"

(*"Passers By"*)

Passers-By

By Anthony Partridge

Illustrated by Will Foster

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS: The fortunes of a street singer, Christine, and Ambrose Drake, a hunchback who accompanies the girl with a street-piano and a monkey, are strangely linked with those of a British statesman, the Marquis of Ellingham. Gilbert Hannaway, a young Englishman, who is aware of this without knowing why, on account of the circumstances under which he had once seen them in Paris, meets them again in London and becomes much interested in the girl. Drake warns the nobleman to leave England at once, as he does not want the girl to find him, but Hannaway brings Christine and Lord Ellingham together.

The girl now enters into an entirely new life. We find her living quietly but luxuriously in London. The marquis calls on her after his return from abroad. He tells her that "they" are hot on his trail, and that Philip Champion is being advertised for in the papers. He says, knowingly, that Philip Champion is dead. The girl, who appears to understand, replies that in that case there are only three left, and of these Anatole Devache is the worst. The marquis tells her that she must now choose between him and his enemies. That night when Christine returns home she finds the body of Devache in her rooms. He has been stabbed, and the crime is an inexplicable mystery.

Hannaway attempts to solve the whole situation. He has but an inkling of past events, and he can get no new information from the girl. He seeks out Drake, who is inconsolable at the loss of Christine. The girl had lived in Paris in a house frequented by a gang of desperate characters known as the Black Foxes. The police raided the house. One man known as Jean the Terrible was captured and imprisoned. Another man escaped. Hannaway happened to be a passer-by, and was a witness of these events. He wants to know about this man. Ambrose, who knew Christine as a girl in the country, had taken her away from the house, and the man who escaped accompanied them. However, Hannaway gets nothing further from Drake. Shortly after the latter, in a café, meets two men, Marcel and Pierre, evidently of those to whom Lord Ellingham has referred as "they." After a conference at which the death of Anatole is discussed, Drake discloses the fact that, having lost sight of the man who escaped, he has now found him in London, that he is rich and has taken Christine from him. Instigated by the others, he agrees to call on this man the next day and demand money.

XXI



CHRISTINE and Lord Ellingham were lunching together at a fashionable West End restaurant. The marquis bowed to some acquaintances a little coldly, and turned back to Christine.

"My dear child," he said, "do not think that I too have not some anxieties on your account. I admit that the situation is very difficult. Certain things I am able to give you. Certain other things I cannot give you. I only wish that it were possible."

Christine looked across the table at him with weary, questioning eyes. She was as perfectly dressed as any woman in the room. Excellent taste, a first-class milliner, and the natural advantages of her slim, sinuous figure combined to invest her with a style which made her, in all that select gathering, perhaps the most notable person. She alto-

gether lacked, however, any expression of contentment with herself or her surroundings. Her eyes were tired, her lips a little tremulous. She had found the material things she had craved, and now she was finding that they left her only a looker-on at the life which she longed to enter. At that moment she was particularly depressed. Gilbert Hannaway had entered the room a few minutes before, and after a glance at her companion had passed on with a stiff bow and a look in his face which she bitterly resented.

"I can hire you a chaperon, of course," Lord Ellingham said. "I dare say my lawyers could find one who would be able to introduce you more or less into society. But you yourself know whether this would be wise. There are certain things which we cannot ignore. They lie too close behind us."

She toyed with her food and sipped her wine. "A few months ago," she said, "this would have seemed paradise to me, to be sitting here in the sort of clothes I wanted to

wear, in the sort of place I wanted to be in. Life is very disappointing."

"We all find it so," he answered softly. "For ten years of my life I myself was penniless, almost an adventurer. All my good fortune came too late. I too have the shadows always around me. I rise in the morning sometimes afraid to look at my letters, afraid to step out into the streets. At night I am only thankful because another day has passed without disaster."

She looked at him curiously. It was not often that he spoke to her so intimately. "You are a brave man," she said. "No one would fancy that you were afraid."

He laughed quietly. "We know very little, after all," he said, "of the people who jostle through life by our sides. We see them with smiling faces, making a brave show to the world. We know little of their inner lives, of their secret troubles, of the shadows which sometimes make life seem little better than a nightmare. There are others besides myself who walk on the brink of a precipice."

"I wonder," she said thoughtfully, "whether he—you know who I mean—will dare to come to England?"

"Honestly," the marquis answered, "I believe it is the one place where he would be surest of refuge. It is said that there are districts back there in Soho where the foreign criminal is safer than anywhere else in Europe. Pierre is in London, I know. He summoned me to meet him at some little café last night."

"You did not go?" she asked.

"I did not go," he answered. "If I once recognized the existence of any of those men it would be the beginning of the end. There would be not one of them to satisfy, but fifty. One can make terms with an individual, but scarcely with a whole community. And some day there will be Marcel to deal with, Marcel fresh from prison, his blood boiling with anger, his fingers itching to be at my throat. If ever they do release him he will tell the whole truth, whatever happens to him. Anatole was dangerous. Marcel free will be worse. But," he added, in a lighter tone, "we have had enough of this serious talk. How does the new automobile go?"

"Beautifully," she answered, with a little sigh. "I have been out in it every day. If I were only not so lonely!"

"Why does that young man," Lord Ellingham asked, "look at you so strangely? His face somehow seems familiar to me."

Christine half turned in her seat. Then she looked down upon her plate. "You know him, I think," she said. "It is Mr. Gilbert Hannaway."

"Of course," Lord Ellingham remarked. "I remember him quite well. He was in Paris, was he not, on the night of the great rout? He has been to see me since. He is a little interested, I think, in our affairs. That does not explain, however, why he should look at you as though you were providing him with some cause for personal offense."

"I have seen him once or twice," Christine said slowly. "He was inclined to be rather nice to me. Then he said some things which I could not tolerate."

"You quarreled?"

She nodded. "I suppose so," she answered. "He has not been to see me since. No one has been to see me for all these weeks—not since those awful reporters left off coming to ask me about Anatole. Do you know," she went on, leaning across the table, "I do not think that I can stand it any longer. Life seems to come so near, and yet to stay so far away. Some nights I feel like putting on my best clothes and going to the theaters or the music-halls, or even out into the streets, and saying to the people who look at me, 'Come and talk to me if you will.' I must talk to some one or I shall go mad. I see crowds of people every day, nice-looking people, who look as though they would like to talk to me. Some day I shall single one of them out and carry him off."

Lord Ellingham looked grave. "It is a dangerous way to make friends," he said, "especially in London."

"Or," she went on, "I feel sometimes that I could throw off all my beautiful clothes, and rush out into the streets and search for Ambrose and Chicot. Many people spoke to us when we tramped the streets and I sang for pennies—more people than speak to me now."

They left the restaurant a few moments later. Lord Ellingham handed her into the smart little automobile which was waiting.

"You cannot come a little way with me?" she asked timidly.

"You may drop me at the Foreign Office, if you will," he answered. "I have a busy afternoon. Besides, you must remember," he added, taking his place by her side, "that it is not well for either you or me that we are seen too much together."

The short drive passed almost in silence.

"When can you take me out again?" Christine asked, as they parted.

"Not for a week, at least," he answered. "I will try to come round and see you, however, before then."

Christine was whirled away homeward. At the corner of Piccadilly, however, there was a block. She sat looking idly about her, watching the string of carriages go by and looking into the faces of the streams of people. Suddenly she gave a little cry, almost of terror. A weird little form had sprung up through the open window of her automobile, and was sitting there waving his worn little hat with frantic demonstrations of pleasure. With a little gasp she recognized Chicot. She leaned forward and spoke to the chauffeur. Then she descended into the street. Chicot, still waving his hat, ran on before, to the great amusement of the passers-by. He led her straight to where Ambrose was thumping out his miserable music, a few yards round the corner of a quiet thoroughfare. He went on striking the keys of his instrument. He did not seem to recognize her. Suddenly she remembered that she had been brutally selfish.

"Ambrose!" she exclaimed. "Chicot has just come to fetch me. I ought to have found you out before."

Ambrose continued to play, as though he had not heard. She began to feel almost timid.

"Ambrose," she said, coming quite close to the barrow, "do you not mean to speak to me?"

He ceased his playing then and raised his eyes to hers. Her heart smote her as she saw the change in him. He looked much older, and she knew very well that he had been drinking. The signs were there, and she recognized them.

"You should not talk to me in the streets," he said in a dry, colorless tone. "People will make remarks."

"Nonsense!" she answered. "You forget how short a time it is since I stood by your side and sang."

"No, I do not forget," he said, "but those times are past and gone. There is no need to remember them."

"Ambrose," she said, resting her delicately gloved hand upon the top of the piano, "I am very lonely."

Something seemed to leap into his face, but it was so quickly suppressed that she could not tell for certain whether it had really been there or not.

"That," he said, "will soon pass away. I think that you had better not be seen talking to me. Chicot and I will move on. We are very glad indeed," he said softly, "to have seen you."

"Ambrose," she begged, "will you not come and see me? There are things I want to talk about. I shall be in all this evening. My address is 42 Victoria Flats, in the Buckingham Palace Road. Will you come, please, and bring Chicot?"

"To-night?" he asked slowly.

"To-night," she repeated.

"Yes, we will come," he promised, "if you really wish it, Chicot and I."

"You will not forget?" she asked, as he picked up the handles of his barrow and prepared to move away.

"We will not forget," he answered gravely.

XXII

THE marquis came home from the House early on the following afternoon, to find his study invaded by his wife, who was dictating notes to his secretary.

"How charming!" she exclaimed. "Do say that you can have tea with me. We will have it sent in here, and Mr. Penton shall go away and type the letters I have given him. We shall not be disturbed, for I have given orders that I am absolutely not at home this afternoon."

"So far as I am concerned," said the marquis, "I shall be delighted. I have an hour and a half to spare, and I really came home to rest."

"Are you speaking to-night?" the marchioness asked.

"I imagine so," he answered. "We are being frightfully harried over this Algerian business."

Penton hurried away with his notebook. The marchioness rang the bell and ordered tea.

"Francis," she said, "I hope you won't think me quite impossible if I ask you a somewhat *bourgeois* question."

"My dear," he answered, "ask me whatever you will."

"Who is the young lady with whom you have lunched and dined several times lately, and who has, I think, been seen in your automobile?"

The marquis did not reply for a moment. His wife drew up an easy chair to the fire, and seated herself in it.

"I hope you will not misunderstand the spirit in which I ask you this question," she said, smiling at him a little apologetically. "I am simply curious. If you were a different sort of man I should not dream, of course, of mentioning it."

The marquis waited while a servant who had entered the room arranged tea upon a little round table. As soon as the door was closed he turned to his wife.

"My dear Margaret," he said, "the young lady in question is connected with a part of my life which I am only anxious to forget myself, and which I sincerely wish that a good many other people would forget also. However, there she is, a person to be explained or not, according to the extent of your curiosity."

The marchioness shrugged her shoulders. "I never allow my curiosity," she said, "to go beyond bounds. At the same time, I should like to ask you this. The young person, you say, is connected with a part of your life which you would prefer to forget. Is she connected, also, with the anxieties which seem lately to have made a changed man of you?"

The marquis sipped his tea thoughtfully. "I had hoped," he said, "that I was exercising a little more self-control."

"The change," she remarked, "may not have been obvious to everyone. I, however, have noticed it. Your nervous breakdown, of which the papers made so much, was, I imagine, only a pretext for getting away from England. You show a very brave front to the world, but I am an observant woman."

The marquis nodded thoughtfully. "The young lady," he said, "is certainly connected with events in the past which are just now causing me a great deal of anxiety. I may add that when she appeared I was very much at a loss to know what to do with her. I very nearly came to you to beg for your patronage."

The marchioness sighed gently. "Anything that I could do—" she murmured.

"I am quite sure that you would not have failed me," he interrupted. "Unfortunately, however, any direct connection between that young person and my own household was not exactly desirable."

"I cannot be of any assistance to you, then?" she asked.

He came and sat on the arm of her chair and took her hand in his. "My dear Margaret," he said, "I fear that you cannot. To tell you the truth, I am very much on the

brink of a volcano. It may blow up, and it may not. I have to take my chances."

"You would not care, I suppose," she suggested hesitatingly, "to tell me all about it?"

"My dear," he answered, "I could not."

The marchioness was thoughtful for a moment. "There was a man," she said, "murdered a few weeks ago in a young lady's apartment. I forget her name, or the name of the man, but several of the penny society papers hinted that she was the friend of a nobleman preeminent in politics and society. No name was mentioned, of course, but it was quite clear that it was you who was meant. Was this the young lady in question?"

"It was," the marquis admitted.

"And the murder took place in her rooms?"

"It did."

"Had that murder," she asked, "any connection with the events of which you have been telling, or rather, which you will not tell me of?"

The marquis nodded.

The marchioness was again thoughtful. "Well," she said, "I do not suppose there is anything else I can say. If you had cared to give me your confidence—"

He laid his hand upon her shoulder gently, almost caressingly. "My dear," he said, "if I could give it to anyone I would give it to you. As a matter of fact, I cannot. Besides, I would not have you burdened for one minute with my anxieties."

"You are too kind," she murmured, "kinder and more considerate than I would have you be. If I thought that it would help you in the slightest I should insist upon your telling me everything."

He smiled. "You are very generous," he said. "We will let the subject drop for the present. Sometimes in my saner moments I fancy that I am mad to take so seriously anything which, after all, is more like opera bouffe than stern reality."

A servant interrupted them. There was a person below who desired to see his lordship. He had been there once before and had been admitted; a dwarf or cripple he seemed to be.

"You may show him up," the marquis directed. "I will see him in the next room."

The marchioness sighed. "Then our tête-à-tête is at an end," she murmured. She rose and shook out her skirts. "You had better see your little man in here," she said; "it will be more comfortable. And, Francis, I should like you to remember this,"

she added. "I have asked for your confidence, and if you should change your mind at any time I should be glad to have it."

He drew her to him and kissed her upon the lips. "Dear," he said, "some day it may be necessary that you should have it, but I hope that that day is not yet."

She swept out, leaving behind her a lace handkerchief, which he picked up from the floor and regarded curiously for several moments, and a breath of lingering perfume, something like the odor of dried rose-leaves mingled with lavender. The marquis sighed as he walked slowly back to the hearth-rug.

Ambrose was shown in a minute or two later. He followed sullenly an immaculate footman. His own attire was by no means orderly. His clothes were ill brushed, his boots were unpolished. He was certainly not a prepossessing object.

"So you have found me out again," the marquis remarked, as the door closed behind the servant who had admitted him.

"I have found you out again," Ambrose answered. "Don't think, though, that I have come on my own account. I have come neither for help nor with threats. I am an envoy."

The marquis glanced at him shrewdly. "Come," he said, "this is a new departure. You are in touch, then, I presume, with some of our friends from the other side?"

"They are here in London," Ambrose answered. "You have read nothing of interest in the papers the last few days, then?"

"Nothing," the marquis answered.

"You did not read," Ambrose continued, "of the man who killed a warder and escaped from the fortress prison of Enselle?"

"No," the marquis answered. "I have not read it."

"Marcel was his name," Ambrose continued slowly. "Marcel was his right name, too, only in prison they found him another."

The marquis stretched out his hand and felt for the mantelpiece. His eyes were half closed. His cheeks were ashen. "Do you mean," he asked, "that he, that the vicomte has escaped?"

"I mean more," the dwarf answered slowly. "He is in London. I come to you from him. He has sent me."

The marquis was like a man who, after a long struggle, finds himself face to face at last with the end, the end which is death. There was resignation as well as despair in his face as he turned away and stood with his head

resting upon his hands, his elbows upon the mantelpiece.

"They are both here," Ambrose said, "Pierre and Marcel. They bid me tell you that they have been trifled with long enough. They bid me say that if within a week you do not appoint a meeting-place the covenant of silence is at an end."

The marquis was silent. He understood exactly what it was that they meant. For some time he did not stir. Then he turned round and faced his visitor. "What sort of a mood is our friend in?" he asked.

"A murderous one, if he has not his own way," Ambrose answered grimly. "I think, milord, that you had better come."

"So do I," the marquis admitted. "Where is this place you spoke of?"

"In Charles Street, off Warder Street—the Café Kulm it is called."

The marquis nodded. "I dare say I could find it," he declared, "but I think, on the whole, it would be better if our friends came here. People have such a trick of recognizing one in the most out-of-the-way places."

"It would be better, perhaps," Ambrose admitted, "but Marcel has lost his nerve. He is terrified to move. I am not sure that he will come."

"He is probably safer here than in Soho," the marquis answered. "So far as I am concerned, at any rate, he has a safe conduct. Tell them to come at twelve o'clock to-night."

Ambrose turned toward the door. "Very well," he said, "I will deliver your message." With his hand upon the door-knob he hesitated and faced the marquis once more. "Listen," he said. "If they speak to you of Christine it would be better not to let them know her whereabouts. They are like madmen, these two. They are not safe to trust."

"I will remember," the marquis answered, watching his companion with curious eyes. He was thinking of Anatoile!

XXIII

ON his return from the House that night the marquis let himself in with his latch-key, and went at once to the study. His secretary was there, engaged with a pile of letters.

"Routed the enemy, I hope, sir?" Penton remarked, rising.

"For the present," Lord Ellingham answered. "There is not much satisfaction, however, in holding office with a majority as slim as ours. I won't keep you any longer,

Penton. I have some queer sort of visitors coming in, people in whom I am somewhat interested, and I want to talk to them alone."

The young man picked up his papers and prepared to leave. The marquis's valet, who had heard his arrival, had come silently into the room and was relieving his master of coat and hat.

"Whiskey and brandy and soda on the sideboard," the latter directed, "a box of cigars, and some of my own Russian cigarettes. Nothing more to-night, Perkins, except—wait a moment."

The man came back and bowed inquiringly.

"There will be two men here to see me directly. They should arrive about twelve o'clock. They will probably look like burglars, or some sort of desperate characters. It doesn't matter; I will see them at once. Show them in here."

"Very good, your lordship," the man answered.

The marquis found himself alone. The long hand of his clock pointed to five minutes to the hour. Curiously enough, although he fully realized the seriousness of the situation, he felt more cheerful than he had for months. At last these nameless fears were to take to themselves definite shape. He would know exactly what was demanded of him. He would know exactly where he stood. If it was a question of money—he ran over in his head rapidly his sources of income. For his position, he had little enough to spare, and yet there were means of raising capital, if it must be raised. If it was money they wanted, and money only, he might, after all, fight his way through.

Twelve o'clock struck. He rose from his chair, and mixing himself some brandy and soda drank it off at a draft. It was rarely that he touched spirits, and he felt the effect at once. Whatever he might have been, he told himself, as he walked up and down the room, his hands behind him, his brows knit, his eyes flashing with resolute fire, he was now Marquis of Ellingham, a distinguished politician, the head of a great house, a man entitled to respect and consideration. He would not allow himself to be abjectly frightened because that terrible chapter of his past life was to be laid bare. He would hear what these men had to say. Afterward he would consider what was best to be done. He was strong enough to hold his own. He had influence, power, and the security of an estab-

lished position. He had the choice of many weapons.

There was a knock at the door. The servant ushered in Marcel and Pierre.

"The gentlemen whom your lordship was expecting," he announced.

The men both wore long coats buttoned up to their throats. They both carried bowlers in their hands. They were both gloveless. The door closed behind them. The receding footsteps of the servant were heard. Then Marcel, who had been breathing softly but thickly since his entrance, broke out.

"Marquis of Ellingham!" he cried. "Lord Ellingham, indeed! The mansion of my Lord Ellingham! The butler of my Lord Ellingham! Look at me!"

He threw open his coat. His blue serge suit was ragged and shiny, his linen frayed and soiled.

"Look at me!" he exclaimed. "Me! A vicomte of thirteen generations, an aristocrat, fresh from the convict prison. Do you know what I have been through—you, Champion, Ellingham, or whatever you call yourself?" he cried, pointing at the marquis with shaking finger. "Do you know what I have been through while you have been living here in luxury? I have scrubbed my cell, I have eaten bad food, I have herded with swine, I have drunk water, bad water. I have smoked a cigarette once a day or a week, perhaps, of tobacco which the warders refused. And I have done these things in your name. It is you who should have been there, you who should have come and somehow or other dragged me out. But you, no! You were a traitor. You left me to rot. But I am free! Perhaps it is my turn for a little time now."

"Be calm, my dear Marcel," his companion begged. "It is not the time to excite yourself. Those days are past. We come here to talk of the future."

The marquis bowed and pointed to chairs. He pointed, also, to the sideboard. "I am sorry," he said, "to find that you come here to-night in a spirit of recrimination. I will admit that on the occasion you have mentioned the luck went against you. Yet I do not see that I am greatly to be blamed."

Marcel, who had been on his way to a chair, swayed upon his feet. His cheeks were livid. His eyes seemed almost as though they would start from his head.

"Not greatly to be blamed?" he repeated. "Not greatly to be blamed, when you stole away and left the others to their fate? when

you robbed me of my means of escape, robbed me——”

“One moment,” the marquis interrupted. “What is this you are charging me with? I robbed you of the means you provided for your own escape. Well, if you meant to leave us in the lurch, I scarcely see how you can blame me for seizing my opportunity.”

“It is not only that,” Marcel cried. “It is this, this, this!” throwing out his arms in a comprehensive gesture. “Whose money has gone to the furnishing of this mansion? Whose money pays the servant who brought us in here, keeping us all the time at arm’s length as though we were vagrants and tramps? I, Vicomte de Neuilly, great-grandson of a Duke of France. God in heaven! I ask whose money pays for the clothes upon your back? for the carriages and horses, the automobiles, the whole luxury of your life?”

The marquis looked genuinely astonished. “Whose money is paying for these things?” he asked. “My own! Whose else?”

Marcel reached out his hand for the brandy. He drank nearly a tumblerful, neat, before he spoke again. Then he came up to within a yard of the marquis’s chair, and stood there with outstretched hands. “I will not strike,” he said. “I will not ask you why you mock me. I am here to tell you this. You are worse than a thief. You are a thief who steals from his own kind. You are a man who breaks his own laws. You are the lowest of the low. But unless you would have the whole world know to-morrow, or the next day, what we know, you will make instant restitution. You think that I shall fear to speak, you think that I am afraid to feel the handcuffs once more on my wrists, the irons on my ankles. I would rather feel them. I would rather go back to that prison and rot in my cell than leave you here in luxury, unpunished.”

“Upon my word,” the marquis said, “my dear Marcel, you are becoming incomprehensible. I tell you frankly that I cannot see that you have against me any very great grievance. I alone escaped, it is true, where you others suffered. I fought a little too vigorously in that first rush, but for what happened in the struggle you can scarcely hold me responsible. I should have sought you out afterward, have provided money for your defense, have come to lighten the rigors of your prison life, perhaps. Well, I didn’t. There you have matter for complaint. But what more have you to say against me?”

Marcel was almost hysterical. “What more?” he shrieked. “Why, this! Not only did you keep away from us, but you came over here and lived in luxury on our money.”

“Either you are mad,” Lord Ellingham declared, “or I am. I have never seen a penny of your money. All that there was in the house in the Place Noire that night was seized by the gendarmes. I escaped with less than thirty louis in my pocket. I reached London absolutely penniless.”

Marcel sank back into his chair. He tried to speak, but a sudden pallor swept over his face. The dissipations of the last few days, coming so soon after the privations of his prison life, had been too much for him. Pierre bent over and unfastened his collar. The marquis brought more brandy. Marcel slipped to the floor and lay there gasping like a dying man.

“Shall I telephone for a doctor?” Lord Ellingham asked.

Pierre shook his head. “No,” he answered quickly. “He will revive. He was like this for a minute or two last night. It is nothing, an affair of the nerves. He has brooded on this. Your answer excited him. See, he is coming to already.”

Marcel moved his head. He sat up. He gripped Lord Ellingham’s wrist. “Are you going to deny,” he whispered hoarsely, “that you brought four million francs away with you that night?”

The marquis laughed indulgently. “My good fellow,” he said, “I brought exactly what I have told you. I know no more about four million francs than you do.”

Marcel staggered to his feet. He leaned toward Lord Ellingham and caught him by the shoulders. “Say that again!” he hissed. “Say it again! Say it to me now.”

“I repeat,” the marquis said quietly, “that I brought away from the house in the Place Noire less than thirty louis. Of the larger sums I never had any certain knowledge. I took it for granted that you and the others had them somewhere safely put away for the time when you would be able to seize them.”

Marcel staggered back. “God in heaven!” he exclaimed. “If this should be true! If it should be true!”

“Every word that I have said to you,” the marquis said earnestly, “is absolutely and entirely true. You speak of four million francs. Where are they, then?”

“Where are they?” Marcel shrieked. “Why, they were within a few feet of you when

you escaped. What has become of the three? You shall tell me," he added, gripping the marquis's elbow.

"What has become of whom?" the marquis asked, in amazement.

"Why," Marcel cried, "of the girl, and the hunchback, and his piano?"

The marquis freed himself, and sat down in his chair. "A girl, a hunchback, and a piano," he repeated. "What of them?"

"You know very well," Marcel answered quickly. "You escaped with them. You turned the corner of the Place Noire, pushing the piano, with the hunchback hopping along by your side, and the monkey sitting on his shoulder. Didn't I see you where I lay struggling with that infernal Englishman? I saw you go, you and four million francs. Where are they? I tell you," he continued with a determined air, "I will find them. I will find them if I have to go into every city of the world."

The marquis was still bewildered. "The money——" he began.

"It was hidden in the false back of the piano," Marcel hissed. "I arranged that when I made up my mind to escape with them in disguise. Either the dwarf or the girl has found it. I'll follow them. I'll follow them as long as there's breath in my body."

The marquis was silent. He was looking into the remnants of the fire. "Four million francs," he muttered, "in a piano, with a girl and a hunchback and a monkey!"

XXIV

AMBROSE reclined upon an easy chair with Chicot, well fed and happy, upon his knee. Opposite to him sat Christine, watching the pair with an interest which she found it hard to account for, even to herself.

"You are happy, Christine?" Ambrose asked suddenly.

"Of course not," she answered. "No one ever is, especially when they expect to be. A few months ago I plodded the streets with you, and my feet ached, and I was cold to the bone. I was sick to death of coarse clothes, sick to death of our struggling life. This is what I dreamed of then, dreamed of and prayed for—a home, warm, luxurious, decent clothes, servants, plenty to eat and drink. And now I have them, Ambrose, as you see, and I find that it doesn't make much difference. Take a cigarette, Ambrose. You

love good tabacco. These should please you."

Ambrose helped himself from a tin box at his side. "Perhaps," he said thoughtfully, "it is because you are not rich enough. Christine," he added, with a curious gleam in his eyes, "supposing you had money, a great deal of money?"

Christine sighed. "I am beginning to think," she said, a little doubtfully, "that there are other things."

"There is nothing," Ambrose said grimly, "which money will not buy, if only you have enough of it. When I say enough of it I mean a great deal—millions, Christine, millions!"

"Will it buy me friends?" she asked, a little bitterly. "I have beautiful rooms here, plenty to eat and drink, the sort of clothes that I like, but I am very lonely, Ambrose. I am lonely half the time."

He looked at her steadfastly. There was an uneasy seriousness in his face. His eyes seemed almost dilated. "I think," he said, "that you have, after all, something of the spirit of the vagabond in your blood. Our life," he continued, speaking half to himself, "was not always so miserable as in London. Down in the south there was sunshine, sunshine always, dry roads, green fields, blue skies, the song of birds, and fruit, bread, and red wine, at least always for the asking. Christine, we were mad to come here."

"Mad!" she echoed. "Oh, I wonder!"

"Can you doubt it?" he asked, almost fiercely. "It was an evil day that brought us across the channel, that set us tramping about the streets of London. We starved here on what would have kept us for a week in the simpler places."

"It was I who insisted on coming," she said thoughtfully. "I wonder if I am sorry?"

"If you are not," he answered, "God knows that you should be! There, from day to day, we were at least natural. We sang and we made music, we rejoiced with the harvesters, and bowed our heads before the simple coffin carried along the straight white road. We lived with the people there, Christine. Their joys were ours, and their sorrows. Here there is no one to care if we die to-morrow; no one, at least, who counts."

"You are right, Ambrose," she said. "Sometimes I am tired of my beautiful rooms, my dresses, and my carriage. Sometimes I would give them all for a day of the old sunshine."

Ambrose leaned a little forward in his chair. His voice shook. "Christine," he said, "let us go back. I swear to you that there shall be no more suffering, that you shall have enough to buy pretty clothes, the best food and wine. You shall know no suffering; you shall sing only when you like. Only come. This life is not good for either of us, and it will be worse."

"How do you mean worse?" she asked.

"I mean," he answered, "that Marcel is here—Marcel and Pierre. They will track you down, Christine. They will find out where you are, and they will come and demand a share of all that you have. Christine, let us go away. Let us go farther afield, say to Italy. We can be hidden there."

"Why hide?" she asked. "What is there to hide from?"

"They are desperate men, those," he said. "They will try, first of all, to get something from Lord Ellingham. I think that they will fail. Then they will come to you. Anatoile came."

She shivered. Her face was suddenly pale. "Don't mention that man's name!" she exclaimed.

"I am sorry," he answered humbly. "For the moment I forgot. Yet listen to me, Christine, if you will. I did not stop you when you vowed that the one object of your life was to find the man who had escaped by our side from the Place Noire that night. There was something righteous in your search. I figured to myself that you would find him, that you would say to him: 'Back to Paris! Back to the aid of the man who, in addition to his own, is suffering for your crimes!' I did not imagine that it was only for the love of gold you were hunting him down. I fancied that in your heart there was some pity for the man who was sighing out his life behind the walls of a French prison."

"Pity for him!" she interrupted scornfully. "But I forget. You do not understand. Listen! I did start out on my search with all the feelings in my heart of which you have spoken, but there came a time when I saw things differently."

"The man was too clever for you," Ambrose muttered.

"It was not that," she answered, in a low tone, and without any sign of resentment. "It was not that, indeed, only I found that things were different from what I had imagined."

"And now," Ambrose muttered, "you take

his money, you live in luxury on his bounty. It is not a good thing, Christine, for you are nothing to him, or he to you. It would be better to be free."

She shook her head. "You do not understand," she said.

He sat forward in his chair. The firelight played upon his long haggard face, his uneven features, his tangled hair. Yet the care he had taken with his person was not altogether wasted. His face, notwithstanding its strange setting, might have been, for those few moments, the face of a poet or a great enthusiast. His eyes were burning with the fires which were consuming him.

"Christine," he said, "if it were possible for us to steal away, you and I, and the little one here," he added, drawing his hand over Chicot's head, "if it were possible, I say, to steal away, to find some corner where the sun shone and we were safe from pursuit, and for you to have all the money that you could spend, all the luxuries in which it were possible to indulge, would you come, Christine? Say to Greece," he continued, as one who has received a happy inspiration. "You have often spoken of Greece. It is a beautiful country. You would like to go there?"

Christine looked at him, as though doubtful whether he was really in earnest. "Do you mean with the piano?" she asked. "Do you mean beg our way, as we did in the old days?"

He threw out his hands with a gesture of contempt. "No," he answered. "I want you to imagine, just imagine, that you were rich, that I could make you rich without the help of Lord Ellingham or Marcel, or any of their kin. Would you leave England then, steal away without a word to anyone?"

"With you and Chicot?" she asked doubtfully.

"With Chicot and me," he answered, with trembling lips. "Have we not cared for you always? Have you not been dearer to us than our lives? Have we ever failed you?"

She shook her head. "It is not that," she said. "After all, why need we discuss this seriously? It is all imagination. You have not a fortune to give. Even if you had——"

"Well," he interrupted breathlessly, "even if I had?"

She shook her head. "I think I have had enough," she said, "of playing the vagrant. I think I have had enough of being outside everything there is in life worth having. Can't you realize, Ambrose, that never since I left

Annonay have I had one really happy day? There has been excitement, and tragedy, and pain, and suffering, flashes of joy, but long times of misery. Oh, I am tired of it! I want something that is nearer the heart of life itself. I want friends and a home. I want——"

He was suddenly pale. He struck the chair by his side with clenched fist. He leaned forward. He seemed almost like an accuser. "You want a husband!" he exclaimed.

She shrugged her shoulders. Her eyes met his without flinching. "What if I do?" she asked. "It is terrible, I suppose, to confess it, but is it so very unnatural? Women were made to have some one take care of them."

"Haven't you been taken care of all your life?" he asked fiercely. "Haven't you been taken care of when there were dangers on every side, through hard times and difficult ones?"

"Oh, I know!" she exclaimed. "You have been very, very good, Ambrose. Don't think that I could ever forget it. You have been the best of guardians. You have looked after me as no one else could have done."

"God knows!" he muttered under his breath.

"But," she continued, a little lamely, "it is not altogether the same thing."

He rose to his feet. The hand which held Chicot was trembling. Chicot leaped up onto his shoulder, and pressed his hairy face against his master's.

"I understand," Ambrose said, a little hoarsely. "Forget what I have said. I have no fortune to give, no fortune!"

XXV

"**DRINK!**" Ambrose muttered. "Hot, fiery, plenty of it! Waiter, more brandy. Bring the bottle."

The man hesitated. Ambrose laid a sovereign upon the table.

"Do you think that I cannot pay?" he asked. "Is that why you hesitate? Or do you think that I am drunk? Look at my hand. It is steady enough, isn't it? Bring me the brandy at once."

The man hurried away with a little shrug of the shoulders. If his queer customer chose to drink too much it was not his fault. He was at least able to speak clearly; he had no signs of approaching drunkenness. Yet this was the fifth time he had been served with brandy in the last twenty minutes.

"It is a mad dream," Ambrose muttered. "Four million francs is too small a sum. If the skies rained gold till one stood knee-deep in it, it were hard for such as I to wade through it to happiness. What shall we do, Chicot, now, eh? Shall we give it up? Shall we try the river, or shall we turn our backs upon this cursed country and let Christine go?"

Chicot yawned. Obviously the question did not interest him. He had dined well, much better than usual, and he would have preferred that his master had chosen to go straight home. Since it was not so, however, he was content to doze in the warmth of his master's pocket. The waiter brought the bottle of brandy, and Ambrose drank once more, not in sips, but in quick, hurried gulps. The waiters made remarks about him to one another as they passed to and fro. Ambrose had very much the appearance of a man who had just committed some dreadful deed which he was striving to forget. Marcel and Pierre found him sitting there when they arrived. They paused for a moment by the door to look at him.

"See," Pierre remarked, "he has money. He drinks brandy. One does not drink brandy for nothing here."

"Bah!" Marcel answered. "Does he not still push the piano? Who would lead such a dog's life if he possessed but a hundredth part of——"

Pierre laid his hand upon his companion's shoulder. "Hush!" he said. "One does not know in these sort of places who may listen. See, he is drinking, and he mutters to himself. I think that he is nearly drunk. See how he fills his glass. It is a fortunate moment, this. If there is truth to be wrung from him, now is the time."

They approached the table and greeted him noisily. Ambrose set down his glass, and looked at them for a moment as though they had been strangers. Then he struck the table before him with the palm of his hand.

"Marcel! Pierre!" he cried. "Waiter, bring glasses. These are friends of mine. They will drink with me. How goes it, my brave Marcel? Still free, I see. Long may the fortune be with you!"

Marcel looked uneasily around.

"Not so loud, fool!" he said. "At this place one never knows who listens. We are here to talk with you."

"And I," Ambrose declared, "I am here to listen. Speak on."

They leaned across the table.

"Listen," Marcel said. "Take your thoughts back to one night, never mind how long ago, when you hobbled and ran by the side of your piano, and the man who now calls himself Lord Ellingham, escaping in the clothes of a workman, pushed the piano and ran by your side. You three were there—the girl Christine, you, and Ellingham."

Ambrose nodded. "Aye, it is true!" he said. "We three! Very soon, though, we lost our companion. He crossed the city with us, and he flitted away. We saw no more of him till a few weeks ago."

"Another question," Marcel said. "It is about the piano."

"The piano?" Ambrose repeated, staring at his questioner. "What of it?"

"You have it with you now, in London?"

"Of course," Ambrose answered. "How else could one live? There is no bread lying in the streets here, no brandy to be given away. And brandy," he muttered, "is a good thing, a very good thing."

"It is the same instrument?" Marcel persisted. "You have not changed it?"

"Changed it? Why should I?" Ambrose answered. "It was made for me. The keys are worn, but the inside is good. It keeps in tune. Why should I change it?"

"Where is it now?" Marcel asked.

"In the entry near my lodgings, where I leave it every night," Ambrose answered. "Why do you ask me these questions? What has my piano to do with you?"

"Not much," Pierre answered carelessly. "And yet we were curious. You drink slowly, my friend, after all. Waiter, more cognac! All together now! To us who are left of the Black Foxes!"

Ambrose set down his glass. "I will not drink to that," he said. "I will not drink to a gang of—"

Pierre dropped his glass purposely upon the floor. Marcel frowned angrily.

"Fool!" he exclaimed. "Keep your tongue still. We will drink no toast at all, then, only to ourselves."

"As you will," Ambrose muttered. "For myself, I never drink toasts. I drink and I drink and I drink, but toasts, bah! See here, my friends!" he exclaimed suddenly. "What about my piano? Why do you ask me questions about it?"

The two men exchanged swift glances. They filled Ambrose's glass. They filled their own.

"For no special reason," Marcel answered.

"For no special reason?" Ambrose echoed. "Good! Just now I said that I drank no toasts. I will drink one now to a night when the snowflakes fell soft on the ground, when the revolver bullets were whistling, when we ran down the silent street, we three and Chicot. It was a clever escape, that, and it was all through me. It was I who managed it—I, for the sake of Christine."

"It was wonderful," Marcel declared, "only it was the wrong man who escaped. It was I who should have been with you."

Ambrose shook with laughter, a strange choking laugh in which there was little enough of mirth. "He was too clever for you, too clever," he gasped. "Somehow I think that he will always be too clever for you. What did he tell you? What did he send you out for to seek? Why do you ask for my piano? Eh, Marcel? Eh, Pierre?"

He lurched a little sideways, and his eyes seemed closed. The two men exchanged quick glances.

"He knows," Marcel whispered. "He knows. Fill his glass once more, then we will take him home."

They filled his glass, and made a pretense at drinking themselves. Ambrose did not open his eyes. He seemed to sleep. The manager came up, summoned by an observant waiter.

"You must take your friend away, gentlemen," he said. "We cannot have people falling asleep here. Take him away at once, please. It is nearly closing time, and the police might look in at any moment. It's hard enough," he added, with a little grumble, "to keep one's license as it is."

They joggled Ambrose's elbow, but he only fell over to the other side without opening his eyes. Then they helped him to rise. A waiter fetched his hat, and they left the place, supporting him one on either side. They moved a few yards down the street. Then Marcel called a four-wheel cab, and they hoisted him in.

"Where are your lodgings?" he asked.

Ambrose half opened his eyes. "Pickett Street, Waterloo Road," he answered, and then fell back among the cushions.

They gave the address to the driver. Marcel sat by his side. Pierre was opposite. The cab rumbled off.

Little Tales

The Changeling

By Temple Bailey

THE books drew the Little Girl, although she dared not touch them. The big house was filled with books. There were shelves and shelves of calf-bound ones in the Grave Gentleman's study, and even in the pink-and-white room of the Butterfly Lady there were novels with paper covers, which the Butterfly Lady read propped up on her frilly pillows.

In this literary land of plenty the Little Girl would wander starved and thirsty, to sit down at last before her own little treasure-store with its rows of precious volumes, many of them somber fat ones with golden globes on the brown covers. It was because of these very brown books that she was at last brought into sympathetic relations with the doctor.

The doctor came every day and knelt by the Little Girl and put his ear against her heart and listened with his watch in his hand. "How much were you out of doors yesterday?" he would ask.

"Oh, a lot," indifferently.

"And you didn't read a bit?"

She would blaze at him reproachfully, "No."

And he would laugh and say: "Well, be sure you don't read. You must get well and strong and not tax that little brain of yours too much."

"Do you know Little Nell?" she asked suddenly, one morning, as she stood rigid within the circle of his arm, her heart pounding against his ear.

"Yes," he said, "she's an old friend of mine."

"Well, could you stand it, never to read about her, when you want to and want to and *want to*?" she choked.

"So that's it," he said slowly, looking up, and she discovered for the first time that his eyes were kind.

After a moment he said: "How would a half-hour do? But you mustn't read any more than that."

"Every day?" with hope in her eyes.

"Yes. One half-hour every day. And it's a promise, you know. And, look here, I



Drawings by Edward Foucher

THE BUTTERFLY LADY READ PROPPED UP ON HER FRILLY PILLOWS

would stick to fairy tales. Let Little Nell alone for a bit."

"Oh, Doctor dear!" She was breathless with quiet joy, and the doctor smoothed her shining braids until her heart stopped its spasmodic thumping, and then he went upstairs to see the Grave Gentleman and the Butterfly Lady.

The Butterfly Lady was working pink roses on a strip of white satin, and the Grave Gentleman had to be dragged from his laboratory for the conference.

"She isn't any better," the doctor told them; "her brain is too active, and her heart's all wrong."

"My family have always had active brains," the Grave Gentleman asserted with pride.

The Butterfly Lady cast a coquettish glance at the doctor from under her down-dropped lids. "And hearts in my family have always gone wrong," she murmured.

The doctor reddened and hitched himself nervously in his chair. "She has been pushed," he blurted out. "It's a wonder she isn't a chattering idiot."

The Butterfly Lady murmured again. "My husband would say she inherited that from me also."

The young doctor got on his feet. There were sparks in his eyes. "She is too much alone," he said. "I am going to let her read a half-hour a day, instead of forbidding it entirely, for she is worrying. What she really needs is young companionship—children or animals."

"Children make so much noise. I must have quiet," was the Grave Gentleman's statement.

"A puppy, then."

"I don't like dogs."

"Or a kitten."

The Butterfly Lady threw up her fluttering hands. "I hate cats."

"Oh, Lord!" groaned the doctor, as he went down-stairs.

The Little Girl found a half-hour a day such a teeny, weeny time. At first she tried dividing it—fifteen minutes in the morning and fifteen minutes in the afternoon. But that plan failed. It was impossible to leave Sindbad up in the air with the roc, or to desert the Swiss Family Robinson at the moment of shipwreck, or to turn from the

White Cat just as she shed her skin, and as for closing the fat brown book on Mr. Pickwick at the Christmas dance, it couldn't be done!

Hence the morning fifteen minutes always lengthened to a full half-hour, and there you were with the day before you! And it was such an endless day, with oases in the way of luncheon and dinner!

In the barren stretches the Little Girl sat in front of the library fire, and thought and thought and thought. Sometimes she would hear the swish of silken skirts as the Butterfly Lady went to and from her carriage, and sometimes there was the laugh of the man the Little Girl didn't like, but who was often with the Butterfly

Lady. And now and then the Grave Gentleman stalked in to get a book and out again in silence. The Little Girl, big-eyed and lonely, would wish that they might stop and sit with her, but they never did, and one day she fell asleep on the rug, and there the doctor found her.

That very morning he had an interview with the Grave Gentleman and the Butterfly Lady that left them white and shaking.

The Butterfly Lady followed him down-stairs. "How could you say such things to me!" she reproached as they stood together in the lower hall.

"You have neglected her."

"For the sake of old times you might have been kinder."



THERE WAS A DREAMY SILENCE



THAT NIGHT THE LITTLE GIRL LOOKED OUT AT THE STARS

"I am a busy man," he said gravely. "I had forgotten old times until the other day you called me in to attend your child."

"You said you would never forget."

"I was very young," quietly.

Her light laugh challenged him. "How young we were—and how happy! Life is very dull nowadays."

"But you have a—distraction." His face was very stern.

Her hands caught at the stair railing. "You have heard that?"

"Yes."

Her voice wavered. "It's just gossip."

"I hope it may be—for the sake of the child."

At the very first opportunity he took the Little Girl with him in his electric runabout, and they rode away together through the long miles of streets. After a time they came to the country where the apple-trees were pink and white by the roadside, and the lambs frisked in snowy bunches across the green pastures.

"Where are we going?" asked the Little Girl, with her cheek against the doctor's rough coat-sleeve, for the doctor had a way with him. It was just as if he loved you, and you couldn't feel afraid!

"We are going," said the doctor, "to a little red house with a garden in front, and in the little red house lives a little old lady who has four big cats and a brindled dog and a cow and a tame crow."

"Oh!" The Little Girl sat up and stared at him with shining eyes. "It sounds like a fairy tale."

"It is a fairy tale," said the doctor, "and you are going to live there for three months."

The Little Girl considered him gravely, then she laid her little hand on his big one,

and so they rode together in silence until they came to the low red house.

As they whizzed up to the porch the little old lady, with the brindled dog and the tame crow in attendance, came out to meet them. In the background were the four big cats, and the little cow mooed in the distance.

"This is my Great-aunt Betsey," said the doctor.

"How do you do, Fairy Godmother," said the Little Girl quaintly, and held out her hand.

"Such foolishness—at my age," chuckled the Fairy Godmother, but the doctor said, "The name just fits you," and they both laughed.

The Little Girl's summer experiences at fashionable resorts had not prepared her for the fascinations of the little farm—of new-hatched chicks, of pink-and-white little pigs, of kittens in a nest of hay, of waggle-tailed ducklings, of wobbly-legged calves, of bees in weather-beaten hives, of a well with a bucket that went down with a clink-clank of chains, to splash mysteriously in depths below; of a cellar, dim, dark, apple-scented; of a dairy, immaculate, with yellow cream rising in shining pans, and with a little round churn for making butter.

After the doctor had taken his leave she had some of the butter on a great slice of bread, with a cup of milk from the little cow, and a glass dish of marmalade. The dish had a ship on it, and the marmalade had been made from peaches from the Fairy Godmother's own garden.

At bedtime a fire was built in the fireplace, for the night was cool, and in front of it sat the four big cats warming their toes, and the brindled dog lay with his nose on his paws, and the tame crow was perched on the back of the wooden settle on which sat

Great-aunt Betsey with the child in her arms. There was a dreamy silence, until the Little Girl said, "There isn't a book in your whole house," and Great-aunt Betsey replied, "Yes, there is one on the round table, and it's the Bible."

"We haven't a Bible in our house," said the Little Girl. "Tell me about it."

Then the little old lady told about the sheep that was lost and the Shepherd who went out into the wild hills and found it, and the Little Girl said, "He was a good man," and the little old lady quavered, "He was the Son of God."

That night as the Little Girl lay in the middle of a wide feather-bed and looked out at the stars she said softly, "He is up there," but she forgot him when the biggest cat came and curled down under the covers.

But the next day when the doctor came the Little Girl remembered, and she asked, "Do you know about the Son of God?"

The doctor looked into the depths of her eyes and answered, "I did know, but I had forgotten."

"You can read about him in the big book on the round table," the Little Girl told him. "To-night

I am to hear about the walking on the sea."

When the doctor came again she asked, "Did you read about the walking on the sea?" and the doctor said, "Yes." Then the Little Girl said, "It was nice the way he said, 'Peace, be still!'" And the doctor, looking off toward the low hills where the sky was gold with the sunset, murmured dreamily, "He was the Prince of Peace."

There was no need of books now, for the twilight brought stories of a Babe in a

manger, of a Boy in a temple, of a city whose streets were of gold, whose walls were of jasper, and whose gates were twelve pearls.

"Don't make her too good," the doctor warned Great-aunt Betsey.

"No one can be too good."

"But she might slip away from us. It's the good ones that go first."

Jealously, therefore, he looked after the Little Girl's body, while Great-aunt Betsey tended her soul, and the Little Girl grew straight as a young sapling.

One night as she lay asleep in the little old lady's arms he came in out of the wind and rain and stood looking down at her.

"What happiness to have a child like that," he said.

"Some day—" began Great-aunt Betsey, but he stopped her with a quick gesture.

"I put that away years ago," he said, his eyes brooding on the fire. "I think sometimes of dream-children—she is like them."

"And her mother ruined your life," complained Great-aunt Betsey.

He shook his head. "She changed the course of my life, but it is a much better life

than if it had been lived with her."

"Is she happy?" questioned the little old lady.

"She will never be unhappy," he said. "Such women never are. But her husband bores her."

"And the child?" asked Great-aunt Betsey. "Who is she like, the father or the mother?"

"She is a changeling," he said quickly and added, under his breath, "Thank God."



PUT HER ARMS AROUND THE BRINDLED DOG'S
NECK AND CRIED AND CRIED

Three months passed, and it was time to go home.

"But I don't want to go," said the Little Girl. "I want to stay here."

"There are your books," wheedled the doctor; "you can read now, if you wish."

"I don't want to read," said the child, a shadow in her eyes. "I want to go fishing with you, and catch the little golden fish."

So the day of departure was postponed, and they sat all the morning in an old punt on the pond, and dropped their lines in among the lily-pads and caught little shining fish that had spots like jewels on their sides. At noon they ate their lunch of chicken and bread and butter and berries, with little round white Dutch cheeses to top off with, and they came home in the fragrant twilight, hand in hand, and looked at the evening star and talked of the shepherds and the wise men.

And that night when the child was in bed, the doctor struck his hand heavily against the mantel-shelf and said, "It is infamous that she should go back."

"It is her home," said Great-aunt Betsey.

"But her father crams her poor little mind, and the mother starves her poor little soul. What right have such idiots to a child?"

"Oh," said Great-aunt Betsey, "we cannot understand."

"I shall never understand," said the doctor bitterly.

When the Little Girl's trunk was all packed, and she was waiting for the doctor to come and take her away, she put her arms around the brindled dog's neck and cried and cried. And when she came to say good-by to Great-aunt Betsey, she grew very white. "I can't say it," she sobbed, and the doctor came up in his runabout just as she swayed and said again, "I can't say it."

He was out like a flash, with his hand over her heart. "Listen," he said quickly, "you are not going home. You are to live here. Do you hear, precious heart? You are to live here with Great-aunt Betsey, and the brindled dog, and the four big cats, and the little cow." He tried to laugh, but his voice broke as he gathered her into his arms.

The color came back slowly, and her eyelashes flickered and showed her eyes. "Truly?" she whispered.

"Truly," he breathed, with his cheek against hers.

He carried her up-stairs and laid her on the wide feather-bed, and after a time she

fell asleep happily, with her hand in his. Then Great-aunt Betsey came in, and he took a newspaper from his pocket and handed it to her silently. The whole front page of the paper was a picture of the Butterfly Lady and of the Grave Gentleman and of the man the Little Girl didn't like.

"It is a great scandal," said the doctor. "The Butterfly Lady has run away, and the Grave Gentleman has shut himself up in his laboratory, and they have both told me that I may keep the child."

Great-aunt Betsey sat down, trembling. "Such things are terrible," she whispered, in her old, old voice.

"Terrible," echoed the doctor's lips, but in his heart he said, "The child is safe."

The Interlude of the Boss

By Crittenden Marriott

THE doctor settled back in his chair and regarded his visitor thoughtfully. "There is nothing in the world the matter with you physically, Mr. McManus," he declared. "Your heart and lungs and general make-up are those of a boy of—well, say forty, instead of those of a man of fifty. Any life-insurance company in the land would be glad to insure you for any amount."

McManus rubbed his chin uneasily. "An' for why, then," he asked, "do I lay awake nights worryin' over I don't know what? Why do I take no pleasure in atin' an' drinkin' an' smokin'? An' why do I carry a lump of lead in me chest in place of a heart?"

"I said you were all right physically. Of course I don't know what may be worrying you."

"There's nothin' worryin' me at all."

"Humph!" The doctor pondered. "You are not married, I believe, Mr. McManus," he ventured. "Perhaps you're in love?"

"Me! Is it me you're askin'? Go along with you, Doctor. It's no time I have for that sort of foolishness."

"Then perhaps you're homesick."

"An' for what would I be homesick? It's little home I've had for the last thirty years—not since I left the green hills of Ballycroghan and the purty colleens that climbed overthim."

The doctor nodded. "That's it," he affirmed. "You've been living in boarding-houses without a woman to look after you



Drawings by Harrison Booth

"TARE AN' AGES!" HE SHOUTED. "YOU'VE STRUCK IT, DOCTOR"

until you're tired of everything. Take a trip back to Ireland, find one of your old sweet-hearts, and bring her home with you."

For a moment the Irishman stared at the doctor; then he brought his hand down with a terrific slap on his knee. "Tare an' ages!" he shouted. "You've struck it, Doctor. It's homesick I am for the home I niver had an' for the wife I ought to have had. It's back to the old country I'll go an' find—an' find—I can't mind the name of her now, Doctor, but it's a purty colleen she was in those days, though I misdoubt she's been a grandmother for many a year. But I'll go an'—" He stopped, and the light died out of his face. "No, I'll not go," he finished dolefully. "I can't."

"Why not?"

"Why not, is it? Maybe you're thinkin' it's aisy to run things in a town like this with the rayformers always after you, an' a dozen husky lads groomin' to take your place! The election's comin' on, an' if I was to leave here for a month it's deposed an' indicted I'd likely be before I got back."

The doctor meditated. "That's a pity," he debated. "Being a boss seems to be harder than I had supposed. Couldn't you be called away for a week, say, to confer with the—the—I'm not familiar with these things,

you know—with the president or somebody? Then in ten days you could write that you'd be detained a week longer; then repeat the dose *ad lib.*—that is, do it again with variations. It seems to me you could keep your enemies guessing for a month or six weeks—until you were ready to come home again."

McManus sprang to his feet. "Don't say another word, Doctor dear," he cried. "I'll be after doin' it at once. Faith, it's a fine interlude I'll be havin'."

Ten days later the boss landed at Queens-town and set out post-haste for Ballycroghan. To his delight the man who drove him on the last stage of his journey proved to be one Pat Murphy, the son of an old friend, and to him he chatted with a volubility that would have amazed his henchmen—and his enemies—back in America.

"Thirty years it's been since I went away," he descanted, as the cart rattled between violet hills toward the village nestling beside the deep green lake; "thirty years, no less. You'll have been only a bit of a gossoon then, Pat, me boy, but maybe you've heard tell of Terence McManus, the lad that had to run away to America for knockin' down the squire for kissin'—for kissin'— Faith, I can't mind her name now, but it's a purty colleen



"FAITH, I CAN'T MIND HER NAME NOW, BUT IT'S A PURTY COLLEEN SHE WAS IN THOSE DAYS"

she was in those days. You'll be after knowin' who it was, belike?"

The driver dodged the question. "It's slipped me mind for the moment," he answered, so diplomatically that Terence, who was only too willing to be beguiled, rattled on without noticing the evasion.

"Ah! Pat, but it's a broth of a boy I was in those days," he boasted. "Niver a foight or a dance but I put me foot in it. But tell me now, who's livin' in the old McManus house?"

Pat could not dodge this time, and had to confess entire ignorance of the house. After a great deal of explaining as to the location, "beyant O'Brien's old mill, be the side of Oulard Hill, over the way from Thad Stevens's," he at last identified the cottage as one that had been burned down ten years before.

A shade came over Terence's face, but he drove it away, resolved to let nothing dim his home-coming. "Well," he declared cheerfully, "I'll be goin' to look at the land in a day or two, anyhow. Who's ownin' it now? Eileen Crowley it was who bought it from grandfather."

"Eileen sold it to Kate O'Connell after the fire, an' it's farmin' it on shares she is."

Terence slapped his leg. "Kate O'Connell!" he cried. "Sure, that's the name of the gurr! I knocked the squire down for kissin', though small blame it was to him or anyone who saw the bright eyes an' rosy cheeks of her. Faith! I can see her now. A slip of a gurr! is she not, with the long yellow hair an' the eyes as blue as the skies?"

Young Pat caught the enthusiasm. "An' the flashin' white teeth of her!" he exclaimed.

"An' the free stride of her!"

"An' the glint of the sun in her hair!"

"An' the smile on her red lips!"

"An' the— But, faith, here we are, sor, an', be the same token, there stands Kate herself lookin' at us."

The cart pulled up in the village street before a small whitewashed cottage, at the door of which stood a girl shading her eyes with one strong, white hand, and smiling at the cart—or at its driver.

Terence took one look, and the intervening years faded from his mind. He jumped

from the cart and rushed toward the girl with both hands outstretched. "Kate! Kate!" he cried. "Don't you know me? It's home I've come after thirty years."

The girl smiled, but she did not take the extended hands. "Thirty years, is it?" she echoed, with a twinkle in her eyes, which were as blue as Terence had remembered them to be. "Thirty years! Faith, it's takin' me for some one else you must be, seein' I won't be nineteen till past Michaelmas."

Terence fell back, and the girl giggled as her eyes met Murphy's over his shoulder.

"Maybe it's me aunt you're knowin'," she suggested. "She's in the garden beyant. Aunt Kate!" she called. "Here's a gentleman come to see you all the way from America."

Terence gulped once or twice, but, being Irish, recovered himself with marvelous quickness, and turned to greet a middle-aged

woman who came hurrying around the corner of the house. But even Irish adaptativeness could not reproduce the enthusiasm of the moment before under the eyes of those who had witnessed it, though it enabled him to muster up a fair imitation.

"Do you know me, Kate?" he cried. "It's been thirty years, but I——"

"Know ye, Terence McManus? To be sure I do. Welcome home, Terence, lad. Sure, but the sight of you is good for sore eyes, so it is. Come in the house an' have a cup of tay, an' tell me of all the grand things you've been doin' in America."

Terence went in slowly. His heart was sore within him. This middle-aged woman was not the Kate he remembered. The years had stolen the yellow hair and the fair skin, and had left a crisscross of wrinkles on the brow; even the blue eyes had faded. Yet, as she talked on, memory cunningly dissolved



"DO YOU KNOW ME, KATE?" HE CRIED. "IT'S BEEN THIRTY YEARS, BUT I——"

The Interlude of the Boss

the obscuring mists of time, restoring for him the long-forgotten lines, until once more he saw before him the wraith of a girl he had known. Then a loud laugh drew his eyes to the door, where the second Kate, marvelous reproduction of the first, stood talking with Pat Murphy, and the poor ghost fled back to its obscurity.

This disappointment was only the first of many that Terence met in the next few weeks, during which he explored every nook and corner known to his boyhood's rambles. The Old World does not change like the New, but even in the Old World thirty years leave their impress. Moreover, his recollection had, of course, played traitor, magnifying the past, making it "orb into the perfect star" he "saw not when he moved therein." At first everything looked small and mean, and it took time for the purple hills and the deep green lakes and the white cottages and the kindly people to work their fairy will upon him. But, once begun, the spell gathered strength with every hour—so much so that he tore up almost without a thought sundry cablegrams begging him to hurry home, and warning him of revolt brewing among "the boys" against the leader who had deserted them at a critical moment.

He had become a warm friend of both of the Kates. Day after day he sought their house, and day after day one or both of them—at first chiefly the elder but later chiefly the younger—accompanied him in his rambles or rowed with him on the lake, vastly to the disgust of Pat Murphy, who grew steadily glummer until even Terence's liberal hire failed to draw a smile to his lips. So matters went on until one day there came a cablegram so forcibly frantic in its costly verbosity that Terence was roused at last.

"It's home I must go," he muttered; "but, begor! I'll not go without takin' Kate with me. Else the doctor'll be sendin' me back again."

Only the elder Miss O'Connell, however, was at home when he called, and she did not invite him in, but spoke to him from the

shadow over the half-door. "Kate's down at the lake, Terence," she asserted. "Hurry an' you'll find her."

Terence did not budge. "All in good time," he declared. "I'll be seein' her later. But, first, I'm wantin' to talk over a little matter with you. Will you not ask me in?"

Miss O'Connell opened the door, apparently with some reluctance, and Terence entered. But he did not take the chair she placed for him.

"Kate," he began, "it's back to America I must go."

"Musha! Must ye, Terence?"

"Sorra a doubt but I must. It's too long away I've been now. Did I iver tell you why I came over?"

"No."

"I came over because a foin doctor I went to see told me that I was homesick, an' as soon as he said it I knew he had the right of it. Homesick I was, sure! Homesick for the sight of a colleen with blue eyes an' yellow hair an' a skin like a rose-leaf. An' now that I've seen her again, I'll not be leavin' her. But it's the proud man I'll be if she'll go back to America with me. Do you think she'll go, Kate, mavourneen?"

Miss O'Connell pressed her hand to her breast. "Sure, an' she will, Terence," she stammered. "There she is comin' up the strate now. Go an' tell her yourself. She'll not be refusin' you."

Terence looked bewildered for a moment; then he glanced through the door and saw the younger Miss O'Connell approaching, and a light dawned on him. "Tare an' ages!" he shouted. "It isn't your niece I'm wantin' to marry. It's you."

"Me!" Kate's face grew white and she clutched at a chair for support. "Oh! Terence! Terence! lad! I haven't had the fair skin an' the yellow hair for ten years. Sure! It's dreamin' you are."

Terence caught her hand and drew her toward him. "Dreamin', is it?" he echoed softly. "Never think it, mavourneen. But if it's dreamin' I am, please God I'll dream on till I die."





The Undying Spark

By Philip Verrill Mighels

Illustrated (frontispiece) by F. E. Schoonover

I



O little Billy Westcott, stage-passenger, cuddled all alone in a corner of the cold and cheerless coach that went swaying monotonously across the miles of uninhabited land out in far Nevada, the renewal of the snow-storm meant nothing at all, for at last in childish weariness he

had fallen asleep.

Curled down upon the seat of the vehicle, he presented a very light and insignificant bundle of freight, despite the fact that his legs were plump and his face was round and his sturdy little frame sufficiently solid for his five eventful years. He was a handsome little chap, with curly brown hair and long soft eyelashes and a sweet little mouth that a fond young mother had trained to honest smiles and thoughtful speech—the mother he would never see again.

He had already come more than fifty miles through storm and cold, on his way to his father, and he had tried very hard to be brave and cheerful, riding with the driver till weariness had overcome him. He had chatted of his father, whom he did not well remember, till that almost unknown parent

had become his childish dream, yet at length he had been obliged to crawl within the coach, too tired to remain awake longer, even with the journey drawing finally to its end.

He was thinly dressed for a day so bleak, and his small, copper-toed boots were badly worn. Already his clothing showed traces of neglect—the lack of a loving woman's hand. He shivered a little in his slumber, as the coach toiled onward in the snow, for the wind was keen, and it whistled through the cracks about the old stage doors, invading the place with its chill, and drifting in a dust of snow which had gathered already in a film upon the floor.

Up on the box outside sat Blair the driver, muffled to the ears in an overcoat that was powerless to exclude the cold. His body was stiffened and his head was bent low as he faced the driving storm. His hands were practically useless, all but frozen to the reins; nevertheless his two willing horses plodded faithfully onward toward Weaversite, the mining town that was twelve long miles away.

Horses, driver, and little Billy, they were traversing Greater Desert Valley, across which the gale, with its millions of fine, hard particles of snow, swept unobstructed. Beyond the plain, far off on every side, rose mountains as dim as so many ghosts in the storm that enveloped the world. It was out

The Undying Spark

of this universe of snow and dreariness, from a shallow hole beside the road, that the figure of a man abruptly rose, a few rods ahead of the team, in the most unexpected manner conceivable. He stood in the rut to await the approach of the stage. If the horses noticed him, a solitary being armed with a gun, they were far too chilled to be affected. When they presently halted, in obedience to his short command, their action somewhat aroused the driver, who lifted his head to stare down upon the road.

What he beheld was a leveled weapon in the hands of a powerful, dangerous-looking fellow dressed in the striped gray garb of a convict; and the thought of the prison delivery of the week before came dully upon his senses, numbed to lethargy by the cold.

"Come down," said the convict calmly. "I want your clothes and your stage and your horses."

There was a long, cold pistol in the driver's holster. He could not have drawn it and fired to save his life. He came down stiffly. The convict approached and disarmed his man with brusque directness. He appeared to be no more than thirty years of age, but was built as ruggedly as a mountain. He wore no mask, and, save for a hard light in his eyes, was not forbidding.

"Strip off," he said, "overcoat and your other coat and pants. Throw 'em on the horse."

The driver was far too cold to talk. He obeyed silently. The chill wind that presently penetrated his underclothing seemed to cut his shrinking flesh.

"Now then," added the convict, when the driver stood disrobed before him, "git off there in the brush. I'll leave you my stripes. You kin walk to Weaversite—it's warmer."

Again Blair obeyed, walking stiffly away from the road. He halted perhaps twenty yards from the coach and swung his arms and stamped his feet to keep from freezing, while the convict flung off the hated garb of the prison and donned the suit that lay upon the horse. Then, gun in hand, the convict mounted to the box, turned the horses around, and started them back the way they had come. Blair, all but perishing, thought of one thing only—the warm, discarded prison clothing, lying in the road. He hastened there to cover up his limbs. It was not until this task was hastily finished that he thought of little Billy, his passenger, cuddled up on the seat inside the coach.

He called out once, but the storm beat down his voice. The stage was already a dim, gray object, down the road. The convict had not heard, and he did not turn. He drove away, with the child and all, and Blair, in utter helplessness, faced the blinding snow and plodded on foot toward the town many miles to the westward.

Despite the fact that he lashed them repeatedly with the whip, the convict could not force the jaded horses to a trot. The ruts in the road were drifted full of snow, and the pulling was heavy. For at least two miles they continued to follow the road. Then the new driver turned abruptly to the left, and guiding the horses out across the level floor of the desert, headed straight for a cleft in the mountains. The way was rougher, for the snow was unbroken, and rocks and brush lay concealed by the blanket of white.

Little Billy was rolled from the seat by the lurching of the vehicle, but was not awakened and only snuggled the closer in a corner of the snow-covered floor, where he continued to shiver. He could never have told that for three solid hours the man lashed the horses onward through the wind and the snow that drifted and drifted till hoof-marks and wheel-tracks were so thoroughly obliterated that no one could have hunted out the trail.

At the end of the second hour they had entered the mouth of a canyon hewn in the massive bulk of whitened mountains. There the horses had once more felt their feet upon a road. It was an old road, long since abandoned, for it led to a group of worked-out mines; nevertheless it afforded easier traveling, and the horses clung to it gladly.

At length, where the huge ravine divided and two rugged gulches split the range, the convict drove the coach up a short but sharp acclivity and halted it almost at the very brink of a yawning hole—a partially caved-in mining-shaft with a snow-covered dump extending toward the road. It was a black-looking hole, like a small but bottomless crater.

By now the hour was late; the darkness of the heavens was increasing. The man was cold and stiff when he clambered from the box and set to work unhitching the horses where they stood.

Little Billy, on the floor inside the coach, continued to slumber. The convict soon released the team, then stripped off the harness, all save the bridles, and cast it down the shaft. Next he led the animals to a stunted growth of

shrubbery, and securing them there with the reins, returned to the coach, swung the pole far around, and began to push and work the lumbering vehicle toward the edge of the hole, with intent to back it entirely over and send it crashing to the bottom. Once there, and the snow drifted cleanly over all the tracks, it would never be discovered, and the way he had gone would forever remain an unsolved mystery. He had formed his plan with extraordinary care.

Exerting his utmost strength, he backed the coach to the verge of the crater-like chasm, where a wheel struck upon a snow-hidden rock and blocked further progress. He paused to regain his wasted breath, and then, when about to lay all his strength upon the wheel, he thought for the first time of looking inside the conveyance.

When he opened the door he failed for a moment to observe the small figure on the floor. Then, as his gaze abruptly rested on the white little face and diminutive form, he started violently and stared in utter unbelief at the slumbering youngster so utterly abandoned to the Fates. His heart lost a beat; something sank in his stomach. A sweat broke out upon his forehead at the thought of what he had so nearly accomplished.

Despite the chill that enveloped him, the helpless little passenger was dreaming of pleasant things. He smiled as he slept, and the convict closed the door, to lean against the wheel with his hand over part of his face. Some memory of things once happy, in his boyhood days, stole disturbingly upon him. He could not back the stage, with such a freightage as this, across the down-pitch of the shaft. He knew not what to do. He was a desperate man, intent upon escape, and nothing should stand in his way. To conceal this coach and thus destroy all possibility of being traced was of the utmost importance in his scheme.

His breath came hard. After all, what did it matter, one kid more or less? The brat would never know the difference: the fall would do the business instantly. One heave, a sharp, swift racing of the stage down the bank, then a sheer drop, and utter oblivion. It had to be done. The night was coming on. He had far to go. He put his shoulder again to the wheel, but his strength had oozed away.

"Oh, hell!" he muttered. "They kin come here and find you if they want!"

He left the stage with its burden at the very edge of destruction. Returning to the horses, he prepared one for leading, mounted the other, and started up the branch ravine, in the face of the down-pelting storm. What days might elapse before the stage could be found and the child there rescued from freezing, starvation, and a lonely death he neither knew nor cared. It was none of his concern, he told himself. He strove to banish the reflections from his mind. They refused to go. He assured himself, as he rode up the canyon, that the posse would come, discover the stage, and convey the child to a warm and comfortable place, but his reason knew better. He was thoroughly well aware that the drifting snow would soon conceal the faintest trace of his trail; he knew that the sleeping little passenger could hardly survive the bitter night. If he waked, clambered out, and did not stumble down the shaft, he would wander alone in the merciless storm, vainly crying for help and friends, till he presently sank weakly down, to perish and be covered by the drifts.

The man went on, however, for another fifteen minutes. Then he halted, turned his horses with their heads from the storm, and sat there, reluctantly yielding to an impulse in the depths of his nature.

"Damn the kid, anyhow!" he muttered aloud, and urging the horses back the way they had come, he finally arrived once more at the mine, where the animals were secured as before.

It was rapidly growing dark. Nevertheless when he opened the door of the snow-pelted coach little Billy started sharply awake. Stiff and half frozen as he was, he rose up hurriedly.

"Is it time? Is it papa?" he cried in childish happiness, and he launched himself in gladness against the convict's breast and flung both his arms about the big strong neck that he took no time to identify.

"Hold on, bub; I ain't your dad," said the man impatiently. "You've got to ride a little further, that's all."

Little Billy released his clasp and looked at the convict inquiringly. He saw nothing to fear in the strong, shaven face. On the contrary, something in the man's fearless eyes appealed to his honest little nature.

"You've got to be my father," he said, in a quaintly old-fashioned utterance. "Me's got to be your little Billy, 'cause my mama's never coming home any more."

The Undying Spark

"I ain't nuthin'—nuthin' but—but your pard," said the man haltingly. "You'll git to your father—later on."

"I like to be your pard," said the small passenger, and again he lay upon the strong shoulder, in security.

The man had come to the horses. "We've got to take a ride. You sit here and wait just a minute," he said, and placing little Billy astride of the nearest animal, he returned to the stage and backed it over the pit-edge with one great outlay of strength. Down it started, slowly at first, then with swiftly accelerated speed. Racing madly backward, and flinging up the snow, it struck at the edge of the caved-in shaft proper almost instantly, hung there for a second, then, with a sound of crashing and destruction, dropped forever from sight, and the storm began to hide its final tracks.

Once more the outlaw mounted the horse, with the small boy holding on behind him, thus sheltered from the down-swoop of the gale. Two ardent little hands clung in gladness to the big warm figure of the man as the horses once more headed up the canyon; and one small person was as happy and contented as a kitten in the fur of its parent. Thus they rode for a time that seemed interminable. The two miles of road and trail that the convict selected were long, rough, and nakedly exposed to the storm. At length he turned abruptly into yet another branching of the canyon, where he came upon a flat-topped pyramid of earth and rock, now whitened by snow—a dump of waste material where a mine had once been driven into the hill.

Here he halted the horses and stared through the gloom in a spirit of perplexity and doubt. He had thoroughly expected to behold a rough board cabin standing on the dump, but nothing of the kind was revealed. The sturdy little fellow behind him, having attempted in vain to raise his voice against the wind from time to time, in an effort at conducting conversation, now essayed it once again.

"Are we home?" he piped shrilly, at the top of his voice. "Is me and my pard come home?"

The man made no reply. He rode a rod forward and discovered a flat, disordered heap of boards and beams, already deeply blanketed with snow. It was all that remained of the cabin, blown down by some previous gale. Such as it was it represented the only shelter

to which the man had dared retreat. His heart sank, since the place had also contained a cache of grub, placed there three months earlier by one of his friends and now completely buried in the ruins. He had depended on the food for his life.

As he sat there a creaking arose in a lull of the storm. Quite near him the ebon mouth of the old-time tunnel yawned black in the side of the hill, its rotted door hanging loosely in its frame. It was this that had creaked. The man threw one rough arm about his small companion and together they dismounted.

"Run over yonder to that place with a door," he said with a wave of his hand toward the tunnel. "That's home."

Billy obeyed without a question. He was glad to escape from the snow. The man led the horses down to the bed of the gulch, where a sheltering bluff of granite rose against the hill. Securing the animals there, he returned to the site of the cabin and began at once to overhaul the ruins. With the first of the broken boards and shingles he could loosen he kindled a fire upon the dump. It burned but slowly till the flames grew strong, then it licked up the fuel hungrily. In childish joy little Billy came trudging to the comfortable zone, watching the movements of his comrade.

By the light of the flames the man assaulted the ruins vigorously, moving whole sections of the one-time roof and walls, and at length dragged forth a smashed-in bunk, beneath which his cache had been concealed. Here lay all that remained of the hoarded provisions. A bag of beans had been broken wide open. Its contents were scattered and buried in snow and sand. A broken kettle lay there, inverted. The rind of a single side of bacon protruded from the snow. He had expected to find at least three sides, intact. Of his coffee, sugar, and flour there was nothing but a mess upon the earth. A few broken candles lay scattered about. That coyotes had been here ahead of nature's devastating agencies he was quite aware. The situation was grim. He faced it calmly.

"Well," he muttered, "it's travel in the morning."

He had forgotten everything, in his contemplation of the ruined cache. Little Billy came sturdily up behind him and clutched the man's big hand in both his own.

"I guess you haven't told me your name," he said. "Is it Tom?"

The man had started at the touch of the warm little fingers. He turned, half savagely, and looked down at the round little face so fearlessly upturned in the light. A sweeter expression of trust, affection, and happiness than was printed on the youngster's small countenance the man had never beheld. The harsh speech ready to leap from his tongue was halted; the hard glint faded from his eyes. Once again, as at the edge of the shaft, he felt something sink in his body.

He said: "My name is Nick. We'll go to bed."

He rescued several candles from the snow and débris at his feet, then, throwing a section of roof protectingly over all that remained of the ruined cache, he took up the child and carried him back to the tunnel. Once in the dry, protected corridor, hewn in the rock of the hill, he lighted a candle and placed the youngster down upon the floor.

"We don't *want* any dinner, do we, Nick?" said Billy, in the grip of childish hunger.

The man said, "No."

"We like it here in the nice dark, don't we, Nick?" added Billy courageously. "We don't *want* to find my father for a while."

Once more the man agreed. He looked at his small companion curiously and shook his head.

"You're a game little codger," he muttered, half aloud. "Got to dump you somewhere, in the morning."

The tunnel was warm, as a cellar is warm. This was the one negative comfort assured the man and child. The convict led the way far in. He had worked in this hole. He knew its every feature. Back to the very end he proceeded, Billy holding fast to his big, rough hand and trudging bravely beside him.

It was a strange companionship and a strange abode. The candle illuminated a few feet only of the rough-hewn hall; shadows of giant proportions moved along the jagged walls; and darkness as thick as velvet lay just before and just behind and beneath one's very feet.

The man himself was intensely weary. The light that fell upon his face revealed his utter exhaustion. He had walked for the past five days almost incessantly, hunted every step of the way. He had eaten but little, he had slept in constant fear, he had suffered greatly from the cold. No animal, come to his lair at last, after cheating the hounds on a long, hard chase, would have welcomed its protection more gladly than did

the man this cavern, or have turned with fiercer savagery upon anything molesting his retreat.

There was no living thing in the tunnel, nor any sign that prowling beasts had ever come here to abide. Therefore at length the man lay down upon the hard rock floor, after wrapping little Billy in the stolen overcoat, and there in the darkness they slept, while the elements raged in the mountains.

II

In the morning that dawned on that world of immensity, austerity, and lifelessness there was nothing of promise for comfort. The storm continued, and the eddies of snow swept over the slopes like wind-driven wraiths. The convict awoke before the child, left a lighted candle burning on a rock, and, with another in hand, went rapidly out of the tunnel. Then from the edge of the whitened dump he made his first alarming discovery. The horses were gone.

He could scarcely believe his senses. He hastened at once to the base of the bluff. There were the two broken bridles, half buried in the drift. Even then, for a moment, he contemplated running somewhere—anywhere—up or down the canyon in search of the animals; but the snow had blown across their tracks, leaving nothing for him to follow.

The utter hopelessness of the situation did not immediately present itself for the man's consideration. He was a strong being, defiant alike of man, the elements, and God. He was free—that much was certain—and nothing on earth, save death itself, should ever prison him again! He would forge across a desolation or a very hell itself before he would seek the aid of man, or beg a respite from the heavens!

It was not until he returned to the dump and looked once more upon the ruined cache, and remembered the child, that he suddenly lost something, both of his assurance and his patience. He was miles from the nearest town, Weaversite—into which he dared not venture; he was snow-bound at this mountain mine, where no one could come by any chance; he had neither food nor bedding; and he was burdened with this youngster, thrust so unexpectedly upon him.

"Curse the kid, anyway!" he exclaimed. "I've a notion to leave him here."

Then he heard a bright little voice, from

The Undying Spark

the tunnel behind him, calling out his name. It was Billy. He had waked, and finding himself alone in the place, had taken the candle and trudged all the way out to the entrance. He stood in the doorway as the convict turned, the candle still burning in his hand. What a tiny mite of humanity he seemed, in all this world of prodigious peaks! A brighter smile or a braver little figure than the man beheld, however, could hardly be imagined.

"I found my pard," said the youngster, plodding out through the snow to his comrade. "Nick didn't yun away and leave Billy."

The man had made no forward movement. Billy therefore stumbled up against his knee and clasped it with all his tiny might.

"Durn little cuss!" said the man, in a mutter, but he took his small companion up in his arms, and Billy nearly choked him with a hug.

Once more that ungovernable something in the man's better nature responded to this honest caress—this evidence of faith in his kindness and *camaraderie*. He resolved to wait, at least for the day, in the hope that the storm might abate. He would shift all the ruins of the cabin again in a closer search for food.

With Billy seated on a rock, near the cheerful blaze that he once more ignited, the man went to work on the wreckage. Despite the wind, with its stinging shot of snow, he labored prodigiously, clearing the site where the shack had stood, but finding almost nothing save a broken skillet, a rusted crowbar, a battered tin cup, and a small but cleaner heap of beans. These he gathered with care, procuring perhaps a quart in all. In the broken skillet he melted snow for water, and in it placed a portion of the beans to soak. The bacon rind, discovered the previous night, he washed with more of the snow and toasted on coals of the fire. This he and Billy essayed to chew, and that was the whole of their breakfast.

All day the snow descended. All day it drifted in the canyons. The man was resolving plan after plan, for he knew far too well how starvation aids the law when men like himself are freed from prison. In the afternoon, having found no loophole for himself and the child, he started the boiling of the beans. For supper the half-cooked mess was eaten, little Billy striving hard to be sufficiently polite to munch up and swallow his portion, but with poor success.

The night that descended found the world more forbidding, and the chances of escape steadily narrowed. Moreover, the dawn that followed offered no respite from the storm. The last of the beans had been soaked and partially boiled. They were all devoured for breakfast, for the man was nearly famished, and desperation fastened on his vitals.

That day his impatience reached its culminating point. The child was the only thing between himself and escape to a safe place of comfort, warmth, and life. In a savage mood he cursed the hour in which the youngster had crossed his path. He made up his mind to abandon the place, leave the boy behind, and fight his way across the snow to a sheep-camp, ten miles away, that he knew to be deserted, and where food was stored yearly by the herders.

Since to carry the child would prove the merest folly, and since to leave him at last, either here or there, would come to the same in the end, he lost no time upon idle regrets. His brutish self was once more uppermost. It was his life and freedom against a child's; and his resnatched liberty and his body's demand for food and rest were the only things that could count at a moment like this. The thought of the prison-cell drove him nearly mad. The breath of the open had fired and impassioned his senses. Alone and unhampered he could make complete his escape from the law and the state. Let some father who loved his pink-cheeked boy search out the place and assume his rightful cares!

He entered the tunnel for the overcoat, since to face the frozen desolation without it would be madness. Little Billy trudged trustingly beside him and attempted to grasp one of his hands. The man drew it roughly away. Billy therefore clung to his trousers and prattled to him gaily as they walked in the dark corridor.

"Nick," he said quaintly, "ain't we sorry for little boys what haven't got any nice hole like this to live in when it snows?"

The man made no response. Billy continued,

"And awful sorry for little boys who haven't got any pard?"

The man halted, thinking of the child to be left here alone, perhaps to wander up and down in the terrifying darkness of the tunnel, or to crouch afraid in a corner, calling on the silence for the answer of some human voice that the rocks and silence would refuse to render up from all the shouts, songs, and

laughter that had once echoed through the place. He determined not to take the coat.

"Billy," he said, "take this candle and go and sit on the overcoat—and wait till I come."

"All right," said the unsuspecting little chap, receiving the candle and looking up at his big companion trustfully. "Will it be a long, long time?"

"No," said the man, lying gruffly. "Just sit there and wait."

He saw the brave little figure trudge forward obediently, in the awe-compelling blackness of the cave, with the candle held before him; and desperately turning from the sight he strode off, feeling his way along the walls, and emerged from the tunnel in a sweat.

Then, pausing only to catch up his gun, he plunged across the dump, went swiftly down the slope, sank to his knees in the drifts that filled the gulch, and went straight northward, walking rapidly. He continued thus for fully twenty minutes, doggedly, with a new lust of strength and a new impetus of liberty goading him onward, yet all the while he was fighting down that something in his breast that rose there and coaxed at him persistently.

He fancied presently that he heard his name, called in a bright, childish voice—just "Nick." He paused, but the silence was absolute. Then he stared at a clump of rock, in the dark half-cave of which he fancied he saw a youngster's face, all wreathed in welcoming smiles.

"Oh, hell, I can't leave him!" he cried to the storm, and beating himself upon the breast, savagely, with his heavy fist, he faced about, retraced his steps, and did not halt till once again he had felt his way to the end of the tunnel.

There on the overcoat sat little Billy, confidently waiting for his pard, the halo of the candle on his face. He jumped up, ran to his big companion gladly, and clutched him by the hand. "It wasn't long—not *very* long," he said. "It's your turn now to sit on the coat and get warm."

III

FOUR days had gone by, and still the snow continued. It fell more fitfully; there had even been lulls in the might of the tempest, but the earth was deeply covered by the drifts. The man and Billy were prisoners of nature. Moreover, they were starving. The man no longer thought of escape for

himself. The child had become more precious than his life. He had ceased to struggle against the warmth in his bosom. He loved his tiny comrade with an almost fanatical intensity of feeling.

In his utter desperation for food to keep them alive he had picked up and cooked the very last of the grime-covered beans, while the one piece of bacon-rind still unconsumed had been boiled fully seven different times.

To-day, as he looked upon the mountain desolation, he was fighting the greatest of his battles. He was fighting himself, his selfishness against his better nature, for he knew at last that the thing to do was to carry little Billy to Weaversite, eleven miles away. Weaversite to Billy represented delivery and home; to himself it represented recapture and return to his cell. He tried to evade the issue. He thought of the days when he had worked at this mine, before the temptation to rob the stage, to right his personal grievances against a plundering company, had come with all its blight of his youth and life and hopes. He remembered the men who had worked with him here, and the day he had killed three rattlesnakes in the mound of rocks just yonder on the hill—three reptiles that the Chinese cook had eaten.

Suddenly the thought of that gruesome feast drove all else from his tortured brain. Those rocks had been known to swarm with snakes that must be there now, buried in the earth and stiff with the cold. The thought made him sweat with excitement. He set the somewhat pale little Billy at the mouth of the mine, all wrapped in the heavy overcoat, caught up the crowbar he had found in the ruins of the cabin, and hastening to the rock-heap, pulled off his coat and went to work with all the strength remaining in his body.

He rolled great masses of the rock from place and then began to dig with bar and hands. For more than an hour he toiled there unavailingly. Then, about to abandon the task as hopeless, he actually came upon a snake, as rigid as a thing of wood, and ran with it, held in his hand, to the site of his camp on the dump.

How he cut off its head, how he thawed out the flesh, how he cooked it at last and fed himself and the child, need never be related. They ate it all—and then once again hunger pressed its relentless fangs upon them.

Little Billy was rendered slightly ill by the feast of too much flesh. Nevertheless the

The Undying Spark

man dug again in the rocks, but could find no more of the dormant creatures. The clouds which had been broken in a portion of the heavens, having hung above the world in sullen masses, were welded anew, and snow was once more falling.

It was not until the man at length became aware that his small companion had been steadily weakened and was now at the verge of collapse that the struggle with himself, fitfully renewed from time to time, reached its climax. Even then he temporized, making almost superhuman efforts to discover some sort of food that would keep himself and the child alive and fend off the hour when fate would drive him to the town. His efforts were utterly futile.

The earth was as barren as the sky of any life, any substance or thing on which to prey. All day and all night he fought his fight. He beat his breast mightily, as he stood on the dump, alone with God in the snow. His selfish desire for his freedom cried out in agony to heaven. And when the wind vouchsafed no answer, save the old wail and intensity of cold, he returned to the side of the sleeping child and, feeling of a little listless hand, found it hot and dry with fever.

He held the little hand yearningly. By the light of his candle he looked in compassion on the pale little face of the sleeping child, and his heart swung with pain for every beat in the big dumb belfry of his bosom. He did not realize that night how far indeed toward the sleep of death his little friend had slipped so uncomplainingly. It was all revealed in the morning, when he carried Billy out to the door, wrapped in the coat, and laid him down upon the earth in the gray, cold light of day. The brave little chap was quite awake, and faintly smiling. He clung to the convict's hand feebly.

"I guess I don't *want* to see my father—any more," he said, voicing in this brave little denial the one hope that lingered in his tiny heart. "I guess I'm too tired to like anybody else but just my pard."

The man abruptly caught him up to his breast, coat and all. It was once more snowing. There were no preparations to make; there was nothing to take from the place.

"God Almighty, give him a show!" was all the man could say. He started down the canyon, through the drifts of snow, without another second of waiting. He had left his gun behind—and with it all thought of himself, or liberty, or life in the broad, open world.

He traveled with fanatical expenditure of strength. In a frenzy of impatience he plunged through the drifts and over the intervening hills that lay across his path. The saving sense of parenthood, the undying spark latent in his being, had been burgeoning day after day. It possessed him utterly at last, so that love of the helpless little burden in his arms would have carried him straight to the very jaws of death, through tortures and perils untold.

At the end of an hour he was nearly out of the mountains. His strength was waning, for the way under foot was extremely difficult. His foot came down upon a hidden rock, his ankle was turned, and thereafter he limped, with a throb and a stab of agony for every step he took.

"Just give him a show! God, give him a show!" he muttered as he went. That was all the prayer he could utter.

Hour after hour the man struggled on toward Weaversite and surrender of his freedom. He came at length to the level of the valley. Little Billy, in his arms, was fast asleep. When they came to the road there was not a track in all the narrow highway. And the wind and snow were increasing every moment.

Late in that bleak and merciless day the few be-muffled stragglers abroad in the street of the town beheld an utterly exhausted human being slowly and painfully toiling up the road, through the snow, pausing frequently to rest, then once more dragging a swollen, agonized foot as he came, and bearing against his bosom, as he struggled stubbornly forward, a heavy little burden, wrapped securely from the storm. He dropped at their feet as four of them ran to meet him.

One of them drew a gun. "By God!" he said. "Nick Lawson, the convict! Nail him quick!"

But the others, who saw the faint smile that played for a moment on the captive's face before he became unconscious, were aware that no violence was needed.

And so, one day, when the sun was bright and little Billy Westcott was almost himself again, it was natural that his loyal little mind should conjure up the past, as he sat for a long time busily thinking.

"I like my father, and he likes me," he said at last, very gravely, uttering at once his hope and a clear little prophecy of things one day to be, "but I am waiting for Nick to come and see me again, for Nick's my only pard."

Sailor Sam's Thanksgiving Day

A Poem by Rudolph Block

Pictures by T. S. Sullivant



I

'Twas on a bright Thanksgiving Day in eighteen eighty-four
That Sailor Sam was shipwrecked on Sahara's sandy shore.
(Of course Sahara has no shore, but the rime is pretty good and gives a swing to the poem.)



II

Alas! He had no turkey, but to celebrate the day
What could be more appropriate than an ostrich fricassee?
(To get the proper rime here you must pronounce fricassee with a French accent, thus: fri-ca-say.
Which is really the right way.)



III

In less time than it takes to say Jack Robinson or think
What you would like to drink, to drink, to drink, to drink, to drink.

(This illustrates the principle of suspense, a valuable trick in poetry. The reader wonders what is going to come and holds his breath.)



IV

The ostrich was imprisoned with a neatness and despatch,
While Sailor Sam his pipe did light with with a sulphur match.

(There appears, at first sight, to be a typographical error in the second line, but on closer observation you will find that the second "with" is necessary to make the meter perfect.)



V

The ostrich through a loophole in the barrel saw his chance
And in a trice had seized the hapless sailor by the trousers.
(To be sure! But this is more refined As, for instance, in Shakespeare's "Elegy."
He shut the door with an awful slam
And cried, "I do not care a rap!")



VI

And then the ostrich ran until he came in sight of friends.
"Aha!" he cried, "the worm has turned! All well is that well ends!"
(The old line, "All's well that ends well," has become so hackneyed that the author has here
attempted to inject some originality into it. And quite successfully, too, we think)



VII

The ostriches did set upon the poor, unfortunate tar
And kicked him so his nervous sys-tem got an awful jar.

(The pause between 'sys' and 'tem' in the second line is an admirable specimen of euphonism.
A poem without euphonism is like a stein of beer without foam.)



VIII

Thus Sailor Sam did celebrate th' eventful holiday,
And he was quite delighted when th' ostrich went away.

("Th' eventful" and "th' ostrich" are two excellent examples of elision, which means to omit. Thus, e. g.:

"Dost promise to honor, love, obey?"
"Elision the last," the bride did say.

On the whole we consider this poem one of the author's best.)



How I Won the Marathon Race

THE WINNER OF THE SUPREME CONTEST IN THE RECENT OLYMPIC GAMES TELLS HOW HE PREPARED FOR HIS FEAT. LONG-DISTANCE RUNNING A SURE CURE FOR THE TOBACCO-HABIT

By John J. Hayes

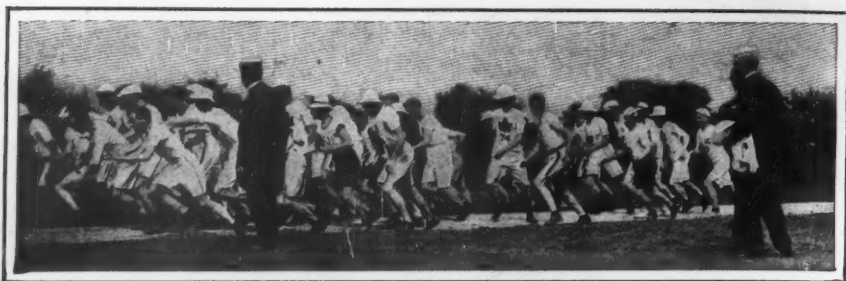


TO win the trophy awarded to the winner of the Marathon race in the International Olympic games had been my one ambition for years. The idea developed gradually, and the determination to make the effort was the result of small victories, insignificant in themselves, which came to me from time to time. Before I believed that I would have an opportunity of getting into the race, I thought about it constantly and trained, practised, and strained day and night to qualify for membership on the American team.

Few realize the earnest work which I did to accomplish this. First of all my size and weight were considered against me, and then my legs are very short. Being only five feet four inches tall, weighing only one hundred and twenty-six pounds in my running-suit,

and with legs barely thirty inches in length, I found was a serious handicap, at the very start. Many trainers told me that it was useless for me to begin training as a runner. They thought my stride too short to maintain a winning pace and considered me too frail and light to develop the necessary staying qualities. However, I possessed something which they overlooked entirely—an extraordinary supply of grit and determination.

The more they talked against me and sought to dissuade me from pursuing my pet ambition the more determined I became to succeed, the harder I trained, and the more I ran. I remember hearing a story told of President Lincoln, when I first began to train. It seems that one of his generals asked him how long he thought the legs of an ideal soldier should be. Without hesitating an instant Lincoln is said to have replied, "Exactly long enough to reach from his hips to the ground." The more I



START OF THE OLYMPIC MARATHON RACE, WINDSOR, ENGLAND

thought about that, as I went pounding over the macadam roads and hard paths in the Bronx district of New York city, the more convinced I became that Lincoln was right, so far as soldiers were concerned, and that the same rule applied to a long-distance runner, if he was made up of the proper kind of stuff.

All of these things passed in solemn review through my mind as I raced over the Marathon course in England, at the heels of the plucky Dorando. Again and again I said to myself, "You are in the race at last, the supreme test for the realization of your great ambition is here"; and I found myself putting just a little more energy into my legs and hurling myself over the course with increased determination to win.

I don't think I was worried as to the outcome after the first five miles of the race were run. There was only one doubt in my mind: I had never run a forty-kilometer race (about twenty-six and one-half miles). All of my training had been over a twenty-five-mile course.

It may seem strange that I had never undertaken to go the full twenty-six and one-half miles, but I never thought about it seriously until after we started. Then I wondered whether the extra mile and a half would make much difference. I decided that it would not, but still there was an element of uncertainty in my mind, which made me look about at the men in the race uneasily from time to time.

When we set out I could not get my mind on the race at all. The beauty of the grounds about Windsor Castle, and the splendid landscape which rolled away from the road we were taking, surprised me greatly. I began to wonder if the interior of the castle was as beautiful as the view from its windows must

be, and if it was if its occupants had been as happy as I believed I would be among such surroundings.

After running along easily, with these thoughts in my mind, I began to consider the men in the race. I made up my mind at once that Dorando was as determined to win as I was, and that if he could stay the limit the race would be between us. From the nervous manner in which he ran, and from the pace he was setting at that early stage of the race, however, I made up my mind that he would never be able to finish.

Hefferon, of South Africa, was third in the race, and I decided that he would prove a dangerous rival; but before we had gone ten miles I concluded that he also would not be able to keep up the pace. From that point on I regarded the race as won, barring accidents and the effects of that extra mile and a half. I wondered over and over how I had come to overlook that, and determined to reserve my strength for that extra stretch.

The course was a splendid one, with the exception of the last three miles or so. It was fairly level, as cross-country courses go, and along a winding road, which separated us constantly. The fact that one was constantly passing into and out of the range of vision of the other contestants gave the race an element of uncertainty which proved of great benefit to me. Dorando would disappear around a turn, and I would increase my pace just a trifle, to see whether the distance would be lessened when he came in sight again. Sometimes on rounding the turn at which he disappeared, I would find another turn just ahead which he had already passed, and I would start after him again. I could see that the pace he had set was too great for his strength, and began speculating how far he could go before he would be out of the race.

I admit that I expected him to drop out long before he did. I did not give him credit for the great determination which kept him in the race and drove his body forward over the course after his muscles and nerves were on the very point of giving way. The fact that he did keep on worried me greatly as we neared the end of the course. He had gone so far after I had made up my mind he would drop that I began to think I might be mistaken altogether. But I don't think I thought very much about anything during the last five or six miles except getting over the course as quickly as possible. Having reserved my strength in the early part of the race, I was in excellent condition, and put every ounce of energy into my efforts to overtake the nervy little Italian runner.

When I realized that I had won, I was happy. I had gained my ambition and had proved that the men who had told me over and over again that I was too light, too short, too everything to make a successful long-distance runner, did not know what they were talking about. They probably would have been right, however, had it not been for the years of training. First there were practice runs of a mile, then of two and later on of five miles. After months of running this distance, of careful nursing of leg-muscles and feet, the runs were lengthened to ten, then to fifteen miles, and so on to the twenty-five-mile course.

I have spoken of years of training, but of course they have been comparatively few, as I am only twenty years old now, and I did no hard training over a full course of twenty-five miles until after I was eighteen years old.

No boy should undertake hard practice before he is eighteen years old, as he is liable to suffer irreparable injury from overexertion.

For three years I was captain of the cross-country running team of St. Bartholomew's Boys' Club, and this gave me exceptional opportunities for training. In 1906 I determined that I would try to become a member of the American team in the Olympic games of 1908, and I ran my first twenty-five-mile race in Boston. I finished fifth, running the race in two hours and fifty-five minutes. In

all I ran in seven twenty-five-mile races in the United States before I was sure of representing the United States in the great Marathon race this year. The second race in Boston last year was done in two hours and thirty minutes, and I finished third. Then I won the Yonkers Marathon race, over an unusually hard and very hilly course, doing it in two hours and forty-four minutes.

It has been my custom to do absolutely nothing for at

least two weeks before a race, except, of course, light work to keep the muscles of the legs supple and in good condition. Perfect care of the feet is very necessary. Indeed I loaf absolutely for at least ten days before an event in order to be in the best possible condition at the start. I believe it a good thing to feel a trifle lazy when beginning a race of this kind, for it indicates, to me at least, that I am in condition to stand greater fatigue with less effect.

It was not possible to follow this method absolutely in the Olympic race. We all had a very good rest on the ship, and after we landed it was necessary to do a certain



HAYES GOING TO HIS QUARTERS AFTER THE FINISH OF THE GREAT RACE



HAYES AT WORK IN A NEW YORK DEPARTMENT STORE BEFORE HE WENT ABROAD

amount of work to limber up and accustom ourselves to the climatic change. Consequently I did train until within a few days of the race, running considerable distances in pretty good time.

I did not go over the entire course, however, until the day of the race. I had run on parts of it and walked on other stretches, but the course as a whole was strange to me when I made the supreme test. I thought it would be better not to go over it until the day of the race, and still think it was wise to wait.

Two days before the race, in order to be perfectly rested, I went to bed and practically stayed there until a short time before it was necessary to start. I do not think I ever was in better condition. I finished strong, and with the exception of the customary blisters on my toes, which come with every race of this distance, and a lameness of the muscles I was in better condition after the finish of the Marathon race in London than after the finish of the seven races which I had run in this country in the last two years.

So far as diet and similar conditions are concerned, one thing is essential: abstinence from tobacco in any form. No long-distance runner can smoke either cigars or

cigarettes and run. Smoking affects his lungs and heart, and the more he runs the less he will care for it. I suggest running as a certain cure for the tobacco-habit to any one who wishes to break himself of it.

I think that almost any food that a man desires and which does not disagree with him is safe as a training food. I mean, of course, the food-stuffs that are recognized as standards. For instance, many experts prohibit absolutely potatoes and similar starchy foods. I have eaten potatoes all my life; they are the staple Irish food, and as a rule Irishmen are among the best long-distance runners. However, for a week before a Marathon race I limit myself to a rigorous diet. For about a week before the Olympic race Mr. Murphy, our trainer, limited us to broiled steaks, chops, tea, and toast. For me this diet became very monotonous, but the results achieved by the Americans justified entirely the rigorous program enforced by Mr. Murphy.

In the preliminary training, when working hard and running for long distances, I drink milk in considerable quantities and with my meals, in place of coffee. Milk is hard to digest, however, and should be discarded for tea during the week preceding a race, in or-

der to relieve the digestive organs as well as the nerves and muscles. For the preliminary work I believe milk is the best food to be had. It will sustain one better in any contest requiring unusual endurance, and replaces more readily the tissues destroyed in a long-distance race. The difficulties of its digestion are therefore offset by the general benefits obtained.

After all, it is grit, courage, determination, and pluck, call it what you will, that wins a Marathon race. It is the mind and brain that drives you on, even after your feet become numb and your legs no longer tell you whether they are moving regularly or not, except as you look down upon them or place your hands at your sides to find that they are still carrying you forward with the same clocklike stride with which you set out.

Boys who are ambitious for success as long-distance runners, or who have the ambition which consumed me for five years or more to win the Marathon race

at the Olympic games, should begin by running a mile three times a week for a fortnight and for the next fortnight should run two miles three times a week. Short distances only should be run at the outset to avoid injury from overexertion. After a boy is able to do two miles with comparative safety the distance should be increased to five miles and then to ten. When the run is ten miles long twice a week is sufficient, and when it is lengthened to fifteen I should say that once a week for

the full distance, with runs of five miles between the longer runs, would be the proper training. This will result in the gradual hardening of the feet and the development of the lungs and of the leg-muscles. Extreme care must be taken of the feet until they have hardened to stand the strain, and even after the novice reaches the point where he is able to run the full Marathon distance, twenty-five miles, unusual care must be taken of the

feet, and of the muscles of the legs to prevent them from stiffening.

Marathon runners probably suffer from blisters on their feet more than in any other way. In the great Olympic race this was the only inconvenience I suffered, but until the blisters about my toes had disappeared I was quite uncomfortable.

For long-distance running shoes with rubber heels are preferable, as the rubber in the heels of running-shoes gives a resiliency which not only helps a runner over the course but removes from the legs and body much of the jar

which is bound to result from the constant pounding over roadways and pavements.

A long-distance runner does not run on his toes and the ball of his foot, as does a sprinter who runs short distances. Running on the toes for long distances would speedily result in the breaking down of the instep from the continual pounding upon the ball of the foot. A long-distance runner lights on the ball of his foot, but before advancing the foot for the next step drops back to his heel to get a spring.



RECEIVING THE WINNER'S MEDAL FROM
QUEEN ALEXANDRA



OLYMPIC PRIZE-WINNERS IN THE STADIUM

Hayes is standing behind the little girl, the daughter of C. B. Kingsbury, who in her father's absence received his prize for the 120-kilometer cycle race

It is here that rubber heels come in with particular benefit. In dropping back upon the heel the rubber will be found to be a great improvement over either heelless running-shoes or hard-leather heels. Leather heels are lifeless and therefore almost as bad as no heels at all.

I am satisfied that long-distance running is one of the most healthful of exercises. It prevents smoking, which in itself is a good thing, and keeps the lungs, as well as other organs of the body, in excellent condition.

In my case, while it has not added to my stature or increased my weight, it has provided me with a strong healthful body, with plenty of muscle and an excellent appetite. Besides, it has brought me the greatest of athletic prizes, the trophy provided for the winner of the Marathon race at the International Olympic games. The ambition of my boyhood is achieved. In the future I must work with the same determination to win the success of a successful manhood.





Messrs. Jonnice.



Peters.

Gipple,

and Billy—



By Ambrose Bierce

Drawings by Horace Taylor

My sisters yung man [writes Little Johnny] he ses Mister Jonnice, wich has got a wood leg, was one time goin home and met a bad boy, wich sast him. That made Mister Jonnice mad like hornits, and he flang his crutch at the bad boy. The boy he grabd it an kep it. Then Mister Jonnice he sed, Mister Jonnice did, "If you dont fetch that here this minit Ile brake yure

gum dasted hed with it!"

But the boy he sed, "Ile fetch it to morro, ole gras hoper, I ges you wil wait for it ol rite."

Mister Jonnice he culdent wolk with out it, and wile he was a swarin like a parrot, and a ballencin his self with his hands, thare was a man, an the man he lookt an lissend a long wile, and bime by he sed, the man did, "My frend, yure argments doesent sound verry perswasif, but yure gestchers is the most aproprit wich I have ever saw."

But ole Gaffer Peters, wich has got a bold hed, not a hair on it, he ses swarin isent manly, and is only fit for gerls.

One time ole Gaffer he was to our hous, an Uncle Ned he cum in and sed, "Gaffer, I seen a man down town wich had hair jest like youjn."

Ole Gaffer, wich is real pious, he lookt mity sollem out of his eyes, and prety soon sed, "How wunderfle is the wurks of Profidence!"

But Missus Doppy, wich is ole Gaffers dotter, hern is red, jest like fier, and Franky, thats the baby, he hasent got only but jest a litle, but he puls mothers an ses goo goo, jest like a yuman being. Babys is nice wen you likum, but if I was a baby Ide rather be a captin of solgers and swing my long sticker and holler hooray!

I ast Mister Gipple wasent he prowed wen he was a solger, and he sed, Mister Gipple did, "Johnny, I wasent prowed ony but one time. One day a unjenerus fo took adfantage of me

an cum at me with his sticker wen my hands was ful. I jest turnd my back on him, real scornfle, for about 2 miles to my camp, then he fleed, and I entered camp in triumph!"

I sed wot was Mister Gipples hands ful of, an Mister Gipple he sed, "Johnny, if you had ast me at the time I culdent hav tole you, cos I had forgot, but I rememberd wen my captin pinted it out to me. Thay was ful of revolvers."

But if me and Billy, thats my brother, was





tickle cole black steed, and cut Demcrats heds of, an flingum to Mister Tafs feets, a showtin the batle cri a fredem! But giv me a home on the oshen whave, with a nice Sundy skool book an plenty pirets for my pray!

Jack Brily, the whicked sailer, wich swares an chews tobacko and evry thing, he ses once wen he was a piret on the hi sees there was a ship wich lookt for to be abowt to flownder. Jacks captin he sent Jack and ol the pirets xcept his own self for to capcher her and make ol her fokes wolk the plank. So they borden the ship with 3 cheers, insted of wich about a thowsen joly, joly marriners arosed from the deck and pinted blunder busters at Jack and his pirets, and the skiper of the ship he cum forward and adrest them as follers. "Thank ye kindly, we hail from Bosten and are over loded with aple pies. We got to jetisen sum of the cargo, and I ges you fellers can help us for to un-ship sum of it."

thare Billy he wud met that cowerd fo i to i an laughth him to scorn! Wen he grose up he is a goin for to be a captin of malishus, and ride a mages-

So Jack an his mates was made to set down and eat aple pi til thay was most busted and ded sick. That made the ship so lite that she wolked the wotters like a thing alife, and the piret captin was left lamentin.

I ast Jack dident that offle xperence make a onnest man of him, and he sed, Jack did. "Yes, Johnny, I resolfed for to repent an leed a bitter life, and I havent ben a aple piret since that memerible day. Mince and helpin in my dads butcher shop is good enough for me."



Uncle Ned he ses he gesses that is so, for Jack is mity wel quollified for to sware off and on. But if Ide ben thare I wuld strode up to that crewel skiper an feld him to the plain!



n
d
e
e
e
l
d
e
y
"

or
nd
to
n!